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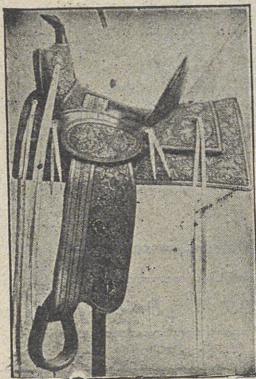
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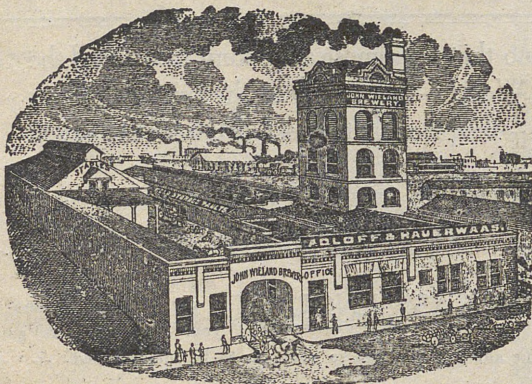
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GRAPHIC

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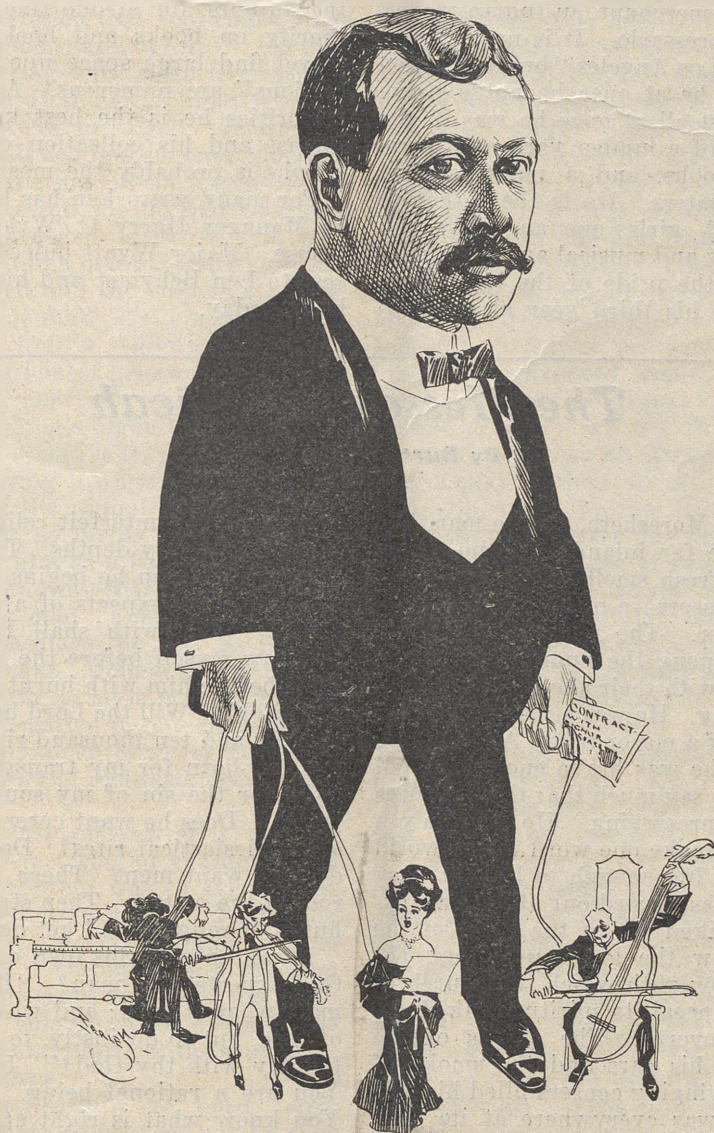
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Who's Who in Los Angeles.



L. E. Behymer

For many years I have known Len Behymer's footfall upon the staircase and it and he have always been welcome. Anybody who knows anything about editors and about the importunities of the gentlemen whose business it is to secure publicity concerning the "shows" they represent also knows that such gentlemen are not always welcome. But "Bee" is an eminent exception. There is not a man in the press agent's business who can turn out as much copy as "Bee" nor is there a man who can "get in" as much. He is always kindly, always courteous and always grateful. He may bring the editor in stress two reams and a half of typewritten "stuff"—"not

duplicated"—concerning one of the stars that Harry Wyatt is "presenting" or a small volume singing the unparalleled praises of a prima donna who is to soar to High C's under Mr. Len Behymer's "local management," and if the editor prints a single paragraph concerning either, "Bee" smiles his thanks. He is the very good friend of every newspaperman in town, and as far as I know of everybody else.

For ten years or more Len Behymer has been assisting the musical education of Los Angeles. He has probably received "more kicks than ha'pence" in return, but the experience instead of souring has sweetened his nature. He sticks loyally to his

colors—the high standard that he has set up among us—and if we refuse to fill the auditorium when Kubelik plays or Nordica sings, he smiles in his sleeve and rattles the cash box when we flock to the fireworks or a fair—all under his direction.

His face at the box office means business and the whole community trusts him.

"Len" is a son of the state where presidents come from, but subsequently transferred his affections and his schooling from Ohio to Illinois. He was born during the Civil War, while his father was in the ranks. After graduating from the High School at Shelbyville, Len tried his hands at various things. He has "held down a claim" in Dakota, been successively a book agent, a merchant, an Indian trader, theatrical agent and impressario. It is now twenty years since he landed in Los Angeles "broke." When he arrived here in 1885 he at once began to prove his versatility, for almost all at once he was in the book business, manager of a lumber yard and warehouse, a reviewer of books, and a treasurer and business manager of theaters. He is the father of two charming, talented girls, one an artist and reader, the other studious and musical and a whistler of note, also of a boy—the pride of the local High School—who is now in his third year at the Col-

umbian Law College of Washington, D. C., and will graduate this year.

Over twenty years ago Mr. Behymer married the belle of South Dakota, Menette Sparkes, a graduate of Fredonia Normal School of Chautauqua County, New York, who had come West to teach the Indians. Len says she took the only Indian in the territory who needed "raising."

The Behymers have a beautiful home in the Wilshire tract, where many literary and musical people foregather. Len has the largest private library in the city, with a dramatic and musical corner that is the wonder of his friends. Hundreds of copies are autograph editions from his many friends among the authors, for at one time he was considered authority on books and book makers. History and travel find large space upon the shelves and "first editions" are numerous. As an authority on stage celebrities he is the best known in Southern California, and his collection of programs and photographs is probably the most complete on the coast.

For many years Len has been the right hand man of Manager Harry C. Wyatt of the Mason Opera House. Major Wyatt indeed, owes much of his success to Len Behymer and his ability to work twenty hours a day.

The Message of Micah

By Burt Estes Howard

In the little village of Moreseth, on the maritime plains of Judaea, not so far inland that the winds from the West lost the fresh smell of the sea, there lived one of the world's seers—a questioner, a truth-seeker and a truth-teller. The writers of history have placed his name among the humbler men who have dared to be honest with their age in their thinking and in their preaching. He was a minor prophet, but he had gotten hold of a major truth. And, having gotten hold of a truth, he was brave enough to tell it to his age. He did not say much that the centuries have considered worth preserving. He was only a minor prophet. But he spake one word to the world that outlined a program big enough to keep it busy to the end of time. It was a word out of his own experience, a message plucked out of the heart of the life about him. He saw the gorgeous ritual, the pomp and tinsel and show with which the church of his day was trying to conceal its spiritual nakedness and cover its moral poverty. The chants of the priests were ringing in his ears and the smoke of seething altars and of swinging censers filled his nostrils. Formal religion was everywhere at its best. The temple courts were filled with worshippers, and the appointments of religious ceremonial were observed with scrupulous exactness. But the young Micah was not deceived. He knew, as we of today know, that the church may grow in numbers, increase its gifts, multiply its benefactions and extend its machinery, while the heart of it is hostile to, or at least negligent of, the true spirit of religion. He saw the oppression under which the people groaned. He saw men who prided themselves on their orthodoxy praying to God and preying on their fellowmen with equal zeal. He saw the miserable cant and hypocritical piety that tramped the temple aisles on the Lord's day, and trampled on the souls and bodies of men every other day. The hollowness and sham and false-

hood of this counterfeit religion stirred the heart of Micah to its very depths. That is not religion at all, he asserts. Then he begins to ask questions. What is it that God expects of a man? Is it this sort of thing? Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the most high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams and ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? What is it that God wants? Does he want ceremonies, observances, rituals, ecclesiastical rites? Does he want things? Or does he want men? There questions go right to the root of the matter. Then strip away the rubbish and husks of religion and get down to the meat of it.

Micah answers his own question. What it is that God expects of a man? "He hath shewed thee, oh man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" It was as if he had said: You are a rational being. You have a conscience. You know what is right and what is wrong. Now then, God expects you to be the kind of man that your own sense of right and wrong tells you that you ought to be. He expects you to be a square man, a loving man, a man who shapes his life by a firm faith in a moral order of things. It is simple enough, this creed of the young Micah, but it looms large when you come to put it into practice. And that is where the value of a creed is to be measured. The only kind of a creed that is worth a live man's while is a creed that can be worked up into life. The important thing about any confession of faith is not how much of it can be believed, but how much of it can be lived. Truth is not an end in itself. It is a good thing to know the truth, but it is not enough. The end of truth is being. Religion, therefore, cannot be

measured in degrees of credulity. This young prophet had learned that. It is a very commonsense matter with him, this matter of religion. He does not set a man in front of a catechism or creed. He sets him squarely in front of a life—a definite, tangible, every-day sort of life. He does not propose a set of formulated opinions and say "Believe that." He sets up a type of character, a standard of conduct and says: "Live that!" There is no ambiguity or vagueness about it. A man is not asked to believe something that he may or may not assent to; but he is asked to be something that every bit of manhood in him tells him is the thing he ought to be. There is a virile religion, a fibrous, sturdy religion, with blood in it. There is a religion that challenges all a man's best. And look at the simplicity of it. To this young questioner, burrowing with relentless insight down to the very bottom of things, religion was no mere adjunct of life—it was life itself. It was no exotic, to be cared for and coddled in some cloister, apart from the stress of the multiform forces out of which civilization is spun and the myriad relations out of which human experience is woven. It was not something too tender to be planted out where the life of men has to be lived and the endless struggle for existence goes on. Not that. But a resolute facing of the day's work, a sturdy trudging along the way where duty leads, an honest grip on the responsibilities of life, an open heart for one's fellowmen and a humble devotion to one's highest ideals. That sums it all up; and when a man is trying to live thus—when a man is so ordering his character and conduct that they will bear the plummet-line of rectitude; when he is meeting, so far as he understands them, the demands upon him as a social unit; when he is true to the best he knows—that man is a religious man, a truly religious man. I care not what tag may be fastened to his theology, he may be Protestant or Catholic, Jew, Pagan, Mohammedan, Buddhist or what not, just so far as he is making his life straight and loving and sensitive to fine moral ideals he is God's kind of a religionist, however much the Scribes and Pharisees of formal ecclesiasticism refuse to recognize him.

When we come to the last analysis of it, religion cannot be measured save in terms of character and conduct. This is simply another way of saying that religion cannot be separated from life. Profession and opinion count for little. Formal religion is of no value whatever except as it becomes the expression of an inward spirit. A thousand rams and ten thousand rivers of oil are no substitute for clean hands and a pure heart. Prayer and praise in the sanctuary have no virtue in themselves.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." The fruit of religion is right action. Ceremonies and observances are of worth only in the degree in which they help us to live finer lives. They cannot take the place of it. No amount of belief in a system of theology or in a confession of faith is any equivalent for righteousness. The cross of Jesus was no make-shift to enable God to be less than just. It was no divine pretense whereby through some subterfuge or fiction, God should call black white, and reckon a man as righteous, when he knew, and the man himself knew, that it was not true. When Jesus cried out to the men of his age: "Take up thy cross and follow me," he was summoning them to a kind of life. He was not offering a substitute for it. Jesus

never offered to be righteous for anybody. He tried to get men to be righteous for themselves—which is the only kind of righteousness worth having.

To believe in God is to believe in good, enough to build our lives out of it. To follow Jesus is to get about the business of living as he did. To serve God is to do our day's work honestly, lovingly and in a divine spirit. That is the true religion—the sanctifying of the common task and daily toil, the glorifying of our commonplace relationships—to do right, to walk in the light of the eternal verities. There is a whole mine of truth in the crude preachment of one of our Western cowboys, who was trying to illustrate his idea of religion. "It's this a-way," he said. "I works fer Jim, here. Well, s'pose I sits around the ranch-house from mornin' till night, tellin' what a good feller Jim is, and what Jim's done fer me, and what I hopes Jim is goin' to do fer me bimeby, why, that ain't servin' Jim. But when I gets out and rustles Jim's bunch o' cattle, an' sees they gits feed and water reg'lar, an' don't git losted none, and takes care of the sick ones, I reckon I'm servin' Jim jest about the way Jim wants ter be served!" And another has written: "Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and our Father is this: to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

We are affronted, sometimes, by the very simplicity of great moral and spiritual facts. For some reason or other we get the notion that the most potent forces must be attended by more or less pomp and display in their operation. There is a lingering desire in us all for the dramatic. A religion that comes to us in every-day clothes we are a little shy of. We get our idea of religion confused with temples and smoking altars and incense and solemn litanies. But a religion for common men must be so simple that the least of us can understand it and the lowliest of us lay hold upon it. For, the important thing in the world is not religion but men. And religion is to make men. It has no other purpose. The great God is not anxious for his little meed of praise and worship. The everlasting Father is no Haman at the gate, insisting on his nod of recognition from every passer-by. Religion is not a duty. It is an opportunity. It is not something to make us right with an angry God. It is something to bring us to the fulness of our possibility as the children of God. The whole aid and end of religious systems and of religious teaching and of religious service is the making of men. And the man is more than any system or any creed or any ritual.

The religious forms, then, are simply incidental. To make them the essential element is to miss the heart of it all. What doth God require of thee? To do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God—to be a certain kind of man and to live a certain kind of life. Temples, ceremonies, litanies, worship, whatever in the systems of religious organization may aid in becoming this kind of a man and in living this kind of a life, legitimately claim your allegiance, but only so far as they do contribute to these ends. They do not exist for themselves. The most gorgeous ritual and the most solemn ceremonies are as nothing, if, as we leave the altars and face the world's work again, righteousness and love and spirituality are not the dominant notes in our life. It is all vanity, this playing at religion, if the great end for which any true religion strives is lost sight of. No man has done what is required of him when he has joined a church, when he attends its stated wor-

ship and contributes to its financial needs. It is only when he is becoming more of a man, truer in his daily life, broader in his sympathies, more sensitive in his conscience, more alive to the great spiritual forces, that he is meeting the divine demands upon him. Neither church nor creed can take the place of character. Pious sentiment and theological acumen are not of necessity virtues. We judge trees by the fruit on them, not by their leaves, and we judge men by their day-book and ledger, not by their prayers and professions.

Does it seem too simple, this statement of the prophet Micah? It may be simple—any religion that would be universal should be simple—but it provides just the moral tonic that the world needs in these days. If ever there was a time when something was needed to develop a higher standard of public and private integrity, that time is now. If there ever was a day when men needed to be taught the value of the basal virtues, that day is now. Our whole life is eaten with dishonesty and debased with graft. The moral standards by which every man in private and public action should test his living and measure his motives have become warped and false. The supreme question by which all things should be tested, the question: "Is this thing right?" has been elbowed aside by the question: "What is there in it for me?" The dominant desire of the day seems to be to *have* rather than to *be*. We estimate men by what they have heaped up about them instead of by what they have developed within them. We measure our own success in life, not in terms of character, but in so many square feet of dirt, so much brick and mortar and stone and stocks and bonds and a thousand other things that the grave will divest us of. You cannot measure the value of a man in things. You cannot measure a man's worth save at the point where he becomes man. You are worth no more than can be expressed, than is expressed, in the qualities that make for manhood. You are worth what you *are*, no more, no less.

If the world needs any one thing today more than another, it is just to lay hold vitally on this simple

creed of the prophet Micah; to get it bedded in its conscience that the great God is seeking honest, loving, spiritually-minded men, rather than worshippers or pietists or creed-mongers or theological doctors. And the world needs, too, to revise its standard of measurement, so that a man shall be rated according to the mind and heart and soul of him, not according to his bank account. The man is what he *is*, not what he *has*. Wealth is simply condensed opportunity. Its value lies in its use, not in its possession. To heap up riches is to multiply a man's power for good or evil. Where power is, there is responsibility. We hear a great deal now-a-days about "tainted money." Money has no moral quality. It cannot be tainted. The serious thing in our present age is not tainted money, but **tainted men**, men who secure money through bad means, men who are willing to secure it at the expense of rectitude and mercy and conscience.

We want a new evangelism, an evangelism that comes down out of the clouds and mists of some far-off heaven and walks our streets and gets at our daily pursuits with healing power. We want a new salvation, a salvation that *saves*, a salvation that takes hold of a man's life—all his life, business, home, politics—and purifies it, a salvation that does not wait for some other life in order to be effective, but that is directed toward making this life the best kind of life possible in any world. We need a new conception of religion, a conception that does not exhaust itself in seeking adherents to a particular church or conformity to a particular creed, but that aims to make God-fearing, humanity-loving, high-minded, right-lived citizens. A religion that appeals neither to fear nor to selfishness, a religion that does not depend for its attractiveness on holding out rewards to bribe men to righteousness, a religion that summons men to the highest kind of a life because that is the only kind of a life worth a man's while to live, a religion that takes its stand in the heart of the world and trumpets its challenge to the men of its time—not "Come and be saved," but "**Come and be men, in a world of men!**"

Joys of Yachting

By Byron Erkenbrecher

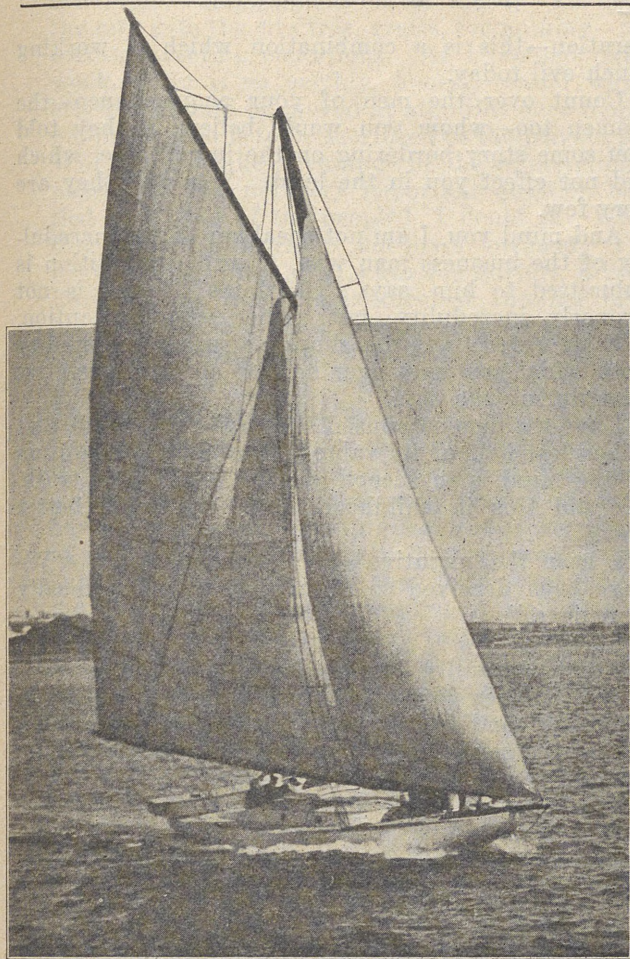
There is probably no country in the world where it is possible to enjoy out-door sports for three hundred days in the year, as in Los Angeles and adjacent territory. There is probably invested in the County of Los Angeles at least \$1,000,000 in automobiles; also, a very large amount in thoroughbred horses, including trotters as well as runners. A great many people in this community are interested in amateur sports, and ready to adopt any new feature of it. They are willing nearly always to spend money to gratify their taste for such sport, but it seems as if there is an exception. Few people realize that we have along the coast from Santa Barbara to San Diego superb conditions for yachting, which last, to be conservative, at least two hundred and fifty days in the year; and it seems strange that there has been comparatively little interest taken in this sport, for it is undoubtedly one of the grandest, if not the grandest of them all, and compared with automobiling, the expense is about one-third.

For illustration—a very good yacht can be purchased for \$1000, and the expense of keeping such a yacht, at a liberal estimate, will amount to between

\$25 and \$50 a month. In such a yacht one can cruise to Santa Barbara, or San Diego, or to Catalina, with perfect safety, in almost any kind of weather. But by watching local conditions and the weather reports, it is not necessary to be ever caught out in any heavy gales or high seas, while squalls are practically unknown, although, in entering San Pedro harbor or San Diego harbor, once in a while, one is apt to encounter a gust of wind, that is a reminder of the necessity for caution. One charm that adds to the interest and the excitement of yachting is that there is always some uncertainty about reaching port, or a certain destination, to a minute.

Considered from the standpoint of healthfulness, nothing can surpass amateur sailing. Away from the dust, noise and bustle of the city, away from the telephone and telegraph, one is at peace, for the time being, with all the world. What is more invigorating than to be sailing before a spanking breeze? One acquires a healthy tan and an appetite that is prodigious. For the business man yachting gives him just enough physical exercise to make him feel "fit as a fiddle." Alert eyes and active hands are essential,

Matters of Moment



Byron Erkenbrecher's Yacht "Detroit"

for any carelessness is somewhat apt to be dangerous, but carelessness in any sport is dangerous. Sailing a yacht also gives excellent mental training, because one must often act first and think afterwards. It improves the power of observation, clears the brain, strengthens the muscles and makes the body healthy and vigorous. There are sometimes inconveniences and disappointments—such as a calm, when the boat may lay for some time practically in one spot, and also, one is liable to get a wetting, but it is rare indeed that anyone catches cold from salt water.

Yachting brings one next to nature. It invites study of the elements, of the winds, the tides, the stars, the clouds and general atmospheric conditions. And it impels the realization that there is some greater force in this universe than man.

From Santa Barbara to San Diego there are only two yacht clubs, the San Diego Yacht Club, at San Diego, and the South Coast Yacht Club, at Terminal Island. The last named is composed of about one hundred and fifty enthusiasts residing in or close to Los Angeles. The club is practically in its infancy, but it is bound to grow and develop, for it has had "a fair start."

I strongly advise anyone who may feel dull and listless, or over-worked and worried by business cares, to take an afternoon off and a sail.

Anyone of ordinary intelligence can learn to become, within a reasonable time, a good sailor. Accidents are liable to happen in this sport, as well as

in all other sports worthy of the name, but when traced to their fountainhead, in a great majority of cases, they are due to carelessness, or caused by persons attempting to sail boats who know nothing about their management. To such, my advice is, to stay on dry land, or to go out under the tutorship of one who knows.

The amount of money that can be expended on yachts, of course, is, as in most other sports, almost unlimited. Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of yachts and they should be kept distinct. One is the racing yacht, in which everything possible is sacrificed to speed. The other is a cruising yacht, for which comfort and safety are the first considerations, though I do not necessarily mean that the racing yacht is not a safe yacht. There seems to be some impression that the racing yacht Detroit is unsafe, but this impression I think is due more to ignorance of the facts than anything else, for if one will examine carefully the interior of this boat, it will be found that she is an excellent craft, thoroughly braced and well built in every particular. She can weather a gale with any of them, as everything about her is of the best material—otherwise she would not be able to carry her immense area of canvas.

Not being an authority on the different varieties of yachts, I will merely remark that it depends entirely upon one's pocketbook, and the individual point of view as to the kind of yacht desired, but for all around purposes, in my opinion, the sloop rig yacht is the best. It has always been strange to me that yachting has not been more popular, but undoubtedly many do not understand the pleasure to be derived from it. I have never yet come across anyone who became weary of yachting. Can owners of automobiles and fast horses say the same?

The Puppets

If man had not a soul, this world below

And all its wonders were a mockery,

Our smiles and tears the ruthless cruelty

Of some vain thing that put us here to go

Forever through an endless puppet show.

The noble lives, high deeds we daily see,

The toil for learning and best life would be

But fools' futility; t'were best to go

Through fleeting years with laughter and with song

On wanton lips; to eat and drink nor give

One thought to aught but pleasure our life long—

How best to grasp gold things while yet we live.

Ah, life were bitter with dark death its goal,

A senseless thing, if man had not a soul.

—EDITH JAMISON LOWE.

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The Significance of "Scotty"

By Randolph Bartlett

I have just been listening to a half dozen men discussing Walter Scott, that very much over advertised young Croesus of Death Valley. The men who were discussing "Scotty" were representative, and their opinions are probably those of hundreds of others.

Of six men, not one believed that "Scotty" had any mine.

One believed that it was "just a big Santa Fe ad."

Another went farther, and said that the transcontinental mail contracts would soon be "coming around", and the Santa Fe was after them, and was using "Scotty" to show how fast the road could make the run to Chicago!

The third man had the fantastic idea that nearly every man in the employ of the Santa Fe had a mining claim somewhere, and "Scotty" was a sort of composite advertisement for the whole outfit.

Another thought it possible that "Scotty" had discovered the hidden treasure of some band of successful train and bank robbers—this because he had never been known to have ore or dust in his possession.

And so on, ad infinitum.

Now, in the final analysis, what interest had these men in "Scotty" or his mine? They did not consciously "have the hammer out."

Here, then, is the situation. These men hear a story which is out of the ordinary, but is backed up by extraordinary prodigality. They refuse to believe it, and at once set their busy imaginations to work, devising all sorts of means, more improbable than the story told by "Scotty" himself, to account for his possession of so much money.

"Scotty," however, is not an isolated example—he is simply an everyday incident on a larger scale. We treat dozens of people nearly every day in the same way that we do "Scotty."

The significance of "Scotty" is the growth of incredulity until it has become one of the most predominant characteristics of the American people.

This has probably never been more strikingly exhibited than in the case of "Scotty," in which we invent all kind of wild fairy tales to replace a statement which is scarcely even improbable. But still this same national characteristic is exhibited every day—nearly every hour. Advertisers recognize it, and have learned to exaggerate everything, so that when the reader discounts it he will reach somewhere near the truth. Incredulity and exag-

geration—this is a combination which is working much evil today.

Count over the men of your acquaintance—the women too—whom you would believe if they told you some story bordering on the improbable, which did not effect you in the least. You see—they are very few.

And mind you, I am not speaking of the incredulity of the business man who, when a proposition is submitted to him, says "Show me." This is not properly incredulity, but rather wise precaution. What I refer to is the simple, abstract incredulity with which we meet over half of all the things we hear during the day.

Have we then so abused the power of speech that it has lost half of its value? The normal condition of the mind is to accept what it receives as truth. We did this in childhood, but "we know better now."

I hear the plaintive cry rise from many—"We have been deceived so often that we mechanically disbelieve."

Forget it.

Your incredulity does not harm the other fellow—it only injures yourself. Your character will be in far better condition if you believe and are deceived a hundred times than if you steadily cultivate the habit of incredulity.

Try believing people for a change. It's a healthy mental diet.

By The Way

"Christian Citizenship."

How the ordinary tenets of Christian life may be applied to practical politics was the text of a vital lay sermon preached by an unknown writer in Collier's Weekly a few weeks ago. That article has very properly attracted wide attention, for if states and municipalities are to be rescued from the crookedness, graft and dishonor of the Philistines, who are perpetually despoiling us, it will only be by following the honest and pure purpose of life taught by the greatest philosopher the written word has immortalized—Jesus Christ. The **Graphic** prints in today's issue another sermon by Burt Estes Howard wherein he points out simply and strongly how false and futile are all other orders of life except that contained in "The Message of Micah." There is no occasion to be frightened by the apparent length of Dr. Howard's discourse. Every sentence of it is worth printing and worth reading. There is a tremendous revulsion of feeling in this country today against dishonesty in finance, in business and in politics. It was high time. None of us but will be better for reading "The Message of Micah."

Everybody's Business.

The Council by a vote of six to three has consented to be Mesmerized with a dash of Otisization thrown in and has accepted the free offer of a practically valueless site for a new city hall. It is not so long ago that Gen. Otis used to play his mournful bagpipes concerning the postoffice, when at Eighth and



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Springs streets, being "out in the country." Now he smites the hewgag with exultation over the Council's foolish decision to dump the city hall on fourth-rate property on the fringe of the tenderloin and third-rate establishments of all kinds. All because the city gets the site free, gratis, for nothing—under certain exacting conditions. As I pointed out last week, there is no earthly, honest, reason why the city hall should be moved at all. But once more the public interest is to be sacrificed to the private purse. Will citizens take advantage of the referendum and insist that this not very important question be settled by a vote of the people? I doubt it. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. I cannot see even in my mind's eye Joe Sartori, Edwin T. Earl, or any other philanthropist running around getting signatures to a petition for a public cause. I may be wrong, but we shall see.

These Millionaire Editors.

These editors make one rather tired, at least when they are also millionaires. Here are Millionaire Otis and Millionaire Earl—Otis used to be an editor, Earl never could be one—making faces at each other over the hedge of innocent foliage that alone divides their happy homes—all because they fell out over despoiling the public in a city printing deal. Millionaire Otis didn't need the city advertising—his paper was sufficiently cumbersome without it; Millionaire Earl's paper wouldn't pay expenses without the city's help. And so they wrangled and Millionaire Earl now believes that Millionaire Otis never really liked him or he wouldn't have persuaded him to go into the newspaper business. Once more their papers are barking and biting at each other—not because of any honest difference of opinion over a public policy, but because Millionaire Otis wants to save the natural decrease in value of his property at First and Broadway by getting the city hall "in the decaying end of town" and Millionaire Earl wanted to boost his real estate values still higher by drawing the city hall further south. Bah! Gentlemen, your private financial squabbles are too transparent. Neither of you care a tinker's dam concerning the city's interests unless they happen to be parallel with your own.

Public Policy and Private Purse.

Millionaire Earl is wise enough to keep his scribes gagged concerning the city's needs of, and rights to, the Los Angeles River, but Millionaire Otis can't conceal his lust for gold in his impudent advocacy of the city's abandoning its possessions in the San Fernando Valley. Both Millionaire Earl and Millionaire Otis are very much interested in the San Fernando Valley, being partners in the syndicate that purchased the Porter ranch. Occasionally they have to attend directors' meetings together, and the consequent chill that creeps across the board is Arctic. Otis will not second Earl's motions nor will Earl have anything to do with Otis's. And so somebody else has to second both Earl's and Otis's motions. Even millionaire editors have their little troubles, but the city might go dry as long as Otis and Earl's land in the San Fernando Valley has all the water it wants.

Unsportsmanlike.

Mr. Huntington has for two years and more been operating a line on South Park Avenue that joins



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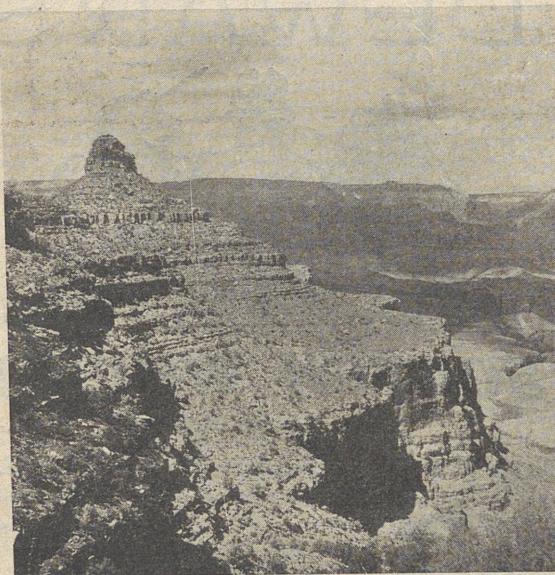
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his San Pedro line and runs to the city limits—a distance of two miles. This line passes South Park, and is the best means of approach to Ascot Park. Through two months of the year it does an excellent business, but during the rest of the year it is valuable rather to the people of that region than to Mr. Huntington.

The road was constructed on a franchise which the legal authorities of the city claim has expired through disuse. The city undertook two years ago to tear up the track, but was stopped by an injunction and a restraining order. This was dissolved one day last week, whereupon the Mayor, a representative of the City Attorney's office, one from the Street Superintendent's office, the City Electrician, a police captain, the chief of the fire department, sundry other municipal functionaries and a number of workmen went to the northern end of the disputed franchise and proceeded to tear up the track and cut the wires. It is said the work was done in a very unsportsmanlike manner, with unnecessary ruin to the materials and roadbed, and inconvenience to the company. Be that as it may, the dramatic unities were all carefully preserved. "I have only done my duty," megaphones the Mayor to the public in the Examiner the next morning in horse type an inch high, and the Anything-to-down-Huntington cranks proceeded to flap their arms and crow—including Houghton, the Times-made councilman from the Sixth. It was all very grand and magnificent while it lasted—which wasn't very long. When the people of South Park avenue discovered that they must walk half a mile for street cars, they began to sit up and take notice, and make a few remarks about their councilman and the Mayor. Mr. Huntington and his attorneys declared their willingness to submit the whole question of their rights on the street to the Supreme Court, operating the road in the meantime for the convenience of the people.

The efforts of the Council and the Mayor to get together and establish a *modus vivendi* have hitherto been unavailing; they will again be in labor this (Friday) afternoon. It seems fairly obvious in the face of the City Attorney's advice that the service cannot be resumed without prejudicing the city's case in the courts. If the citizens most concerned are patriotic enough to put up with the inconvenience of walking a few blocks to other car lines in order that the city's interests may not be jeopardized, nobody else need complain. There is certainly no cause for hysteria or alarms. There are several points of difference between the city and Mr. Huntington. They can never be settled without inconvenience to somebody.

Martyr McAleer.

Mayor McAleer's latest role is that of martyr. It is rather a clever idea, since he has failed so lamentably and consistently as mayor. I hope he'll make a better martyr than mayor. "For two years I have been hounded by H. E. Huntington," wails McAleer. "with his voice trembling with emotion and intense feeling" (vide the tautological Examiner). Then McAleer explains "He (H. E.) is the man who forced me out of my position in the Baker Foundry." In which case the city should thank Mr. Huntington. Owen McAleer had no business to be in the pay of the city and the Baker Iron Works at one and the same time. Brace up, Mae, your troubles are half over, and at the end of another year you can return to boiler-making which you never should have left.

Another Times Vindication.

The Times has been "vindicated" again and as usual, by a technicality. The Supreme Court has nullified the judgment of Judge Wilbur fining General Otis and Harry Chandler \$500 apiece for contempt of court—the said contempt consisting of a series of particularly bitter and offensive articles about the work of the Grand Jury of 1904. The Times's object in these articles was to discredit and injure the foreman of the jury, C. D. Willard, who has been on the Times blacklist for several years. To strike at him it became necessary for the Times to abuse the jury as a whole, and the court into the bargain. In reproducing the entire decision in the issue of last Saturday, the Times does a very creditable act, or else an inadvertent one, for the decision is clearly against that paper, although the fine is remitted on a technicality. Two sentences which I quote out of the middle of the decision tell the whole story: "The contention of the petitioners (The Times) that the affidavit on which they were cited to show cause why they should not be punished is materially and fatally defective in failing to allege that they were the publishers of the articles which were found to have constituted a contempt of court. No very serious attempt is made by counsel to combat the careful and able opinion of the respondent in support of his conclusion that the articles in question did constitute contempt; but they (The Times's counsel) do show that the affidavits fail to connect the petitioners with the publication either by direct averment that they were the publishers or by any statement of facts leading necessarily to that conclusion." In other words, the court holds that it was contempt, but because of a trifling oversight on the part of the attorney drawing the affidavits, no punishment can be inflicted. On the strength of this the Times puffs out its chest and yells, "Vindicated again."

Thrives on Technicality.

My great and sometimes good friend, Gen. Otis of the Times, just dotes on technicalities. There never was such an aggregation of Daniels, in the General's estimation, as the present Supreme Court of California. But the General should know the difference between a decision on a technicality and on the merits of the case. Technicalities, after all, are a good thing for others than Gen. Otis and the late Councilman Davenport, for without them how would the lawyers live? But to return to the latest technicality which in the parlance of the street saved Otis and Chandler's "face" and also \$500 apiece. The Supreme Court overruled Judge Wilbur's findings because there was a technical error in the Grand Jury's complaint. Had this same error been made a moot point before Judge Wilbur, the lower Court, who knows the law to the letter, would certainly have thrown out the case. But Gen. Otis's lawyers wisely kept this card up their sleeves to throw before the Supreme Court as a chance of escape. In the meanwhile the Times's gloating over its "vindication" is "to laugh" for anyone who has even a superficial knowledge of the law. I do not think the Times will be quite so "fresh" in the future in endeavoring to intimidate grand juries, but I have little hope that it will cease trying in its columns cases that are still sub judice.

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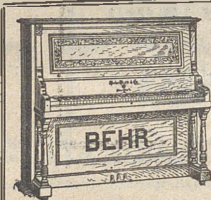
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Politics, Saloons, Etc., in San Francisco.

I spent twenty-four hours in San Francisco last week and found every indication that the city will be election crazy during the next three weeks. "Schmitz" is in everyone's mouth and generally leaves a bad taste, although as far as I can judge there is little chance of Partridge and the decent element defeating Abe Ruef and his creatures. Ruefism is rampant, and the majority of taxpayers seem to submit to his rotten but exceedingly shrewd rule without a whimper. As almost every other building in the city of San Francisco is a saloon and as every saloon bears a portrait or illumination of Schmitz you cannot escape him if you would. Some of our would-be Reformers are dissatisfied with conditions in Los Angeles, as of course they should be until we reach the millennium, but if they incline to pessimism concerning our own clean and fair city, the best prescription I can advise is a trip to San Francisco and a few hours' contemplation of this most modern Gomorrah. There are many things of beauty and delight in San Francisco; its breeze from the sea is invigorating, the whole tone of the place is exciting, but its politics, its labor-unionism rule and its four thousand saloons make it a byword of reproach. What else can you expect when the city of San Francisco grants licenses for selling liquors at retail for seven dollars a month? The four thousand saloons are at the bottom of the shameful system of graft that has been fostered and is festering. And there are other things worse than the 4000 saloons. What should be the most beautiful spot in San Francisco—Union Square, with the stately St. Francis on one side and the exclusive Pacific Union Club in another corner, contains house after house of ill-fame. The unfortunate women are not interfered with as long as they pay tribute to the grafters. Unless Ruef and Schmitz are dislodged next month, San Francisco may expect a reign of vice and graft that will approach pandemonium during the next two years. Curiously enough the average respectable and prosperous San Franciscan is quite apathetic concerning existing conditions. They don't believe anything they read in the San Francisco daily newspapers and are too busy about their own affairs to care to find out for themselves.

A Tribute to Tetrizzini.

I traveled a thousand miles last week to hear the soprano, Tetrizzini, of whom so many and such fervid encomia have drifted down here from the Tivoli, San Francisco. I had listened to my enthusiastic friends and taken their extravagant praises with a grain of salt. But I find myself the most enthusiastic of them all. In the last thirty years I have heard all the great sopranos of the world, but for pure "bel canto" Tetrizzini charms me more than all. Twenty-five years ago I heard Patti, then in her prime, in "Traviata." That was the most beautiful singing I ever listened to, save only and always one boy's treble in an old cathedral—until I heard Tetrizzini. Her voice is more liquid, sweeter, and her singing far more sympathetic than Melba's. It is not a big voice, but larger than Patti's at her best. I heard Tetrizzini in Bellini's florid "Sonnambula," which sounds small and trivial to our twentieth-century Wagnerized ears, but every bar of Amina's score was delicious. This little soprano, comparatively unknown outside of Italy until she created a furore in San Francisco last year, joins Heinrich Conried's forces in New York next month when she will make

her metropolitan debut. She is absolutely at her best now—she is about thirty-five and I miss my guess badly if she does not create a sensation in New York, such as has not been made since Calve's Carmen. Tetrassini is not a great actress—there is too much Italian artificiality about her comedy—but at that, she is better than most of the present prime donne. It is a thousand pities that we cannot hear Tetrassini in Los Angeles. The rest of the cast in the opera that I heard at the Tivoli was comparatively insignificant. The tenor was not in the same class as our own little Russo, who, I have always maintained, had nature given him three more inches of stature and had some maestro nursed his voice against the abuse of shouting that he was indulging in when he first came to America, would have given De Reszke or Caruso a close race for the laurels of fame.

Candidates Maneuvering.

What's this? What's this latest bit of political gossip going the rounds about the maneuvering of the candidates for sheriff? Listen. You understood of course that the Flint crowd, the "Young Men" were behind John Burr of Fernando, he being the only and original "Flint man". Well the Young Men are hatching another political egg. You have heard, of course, that Leo Youngworth is to be United States Marshal. Calvin Hartwell, the county recorder, is already out of the shrievalty fight. He wants to become a member of the State Board of Equalization. Why anyone wants that office puzzles me. All you get is the privilege of being outvoted by the northern members when the "equalizing" is done—and your district gets the worst of it in the matter of taxes. Hartwell's retirement leaves three strong forces in the field. One is the Burr-Youngworth combination; the second is W. A. Hammel, former chief of police; the third is E. R. Werdin, former street superintendent. You may smile at the Werdin candidacy, but Werdin is far from being a political corpse. I opposed him for Street Superintendent, so I cannot be accused of favoring him for sheriff, but it would not surprise me if he were the strongest single factor in the next Republican county convention. That means to say that if he does not actually land the plum for himself, he will say who will do the picking from the political tree. Watch him. He is a strong man politically, in spite of the beating that Jim Hanley gave him; he has the faculty of making friends and combinations and of getting his followers into a political unit. Werdin is one of those men so made up personally that he makes good friends and good haters. He told me the other day that the shrievalty nomination is already his, and he said it as if he meant it, not boastingly but confidently. You won't catch him making a "Spring street political fight." He is working where the delegates come from and isn't sleeping a minute.

Lowenthal's Latest.

Uncle Heine Lowenthal's latest fool break in the Examiner is to publish a letter, alleged to have been penned by a lady but with earmarks of Lowenthalisms, which berates Tom Oberle's best friends for their method of keeping in trust the fund raised at last week's big benefit for the sick actor. Happily, Tom Oberle knows his best friends. Also any fool can see the object of "Mrs. J. J.'s" silly letter—not interference on Oberle's behalf but Lowenthal's

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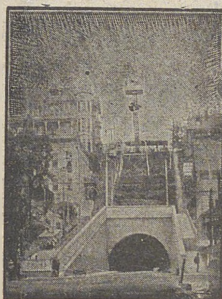






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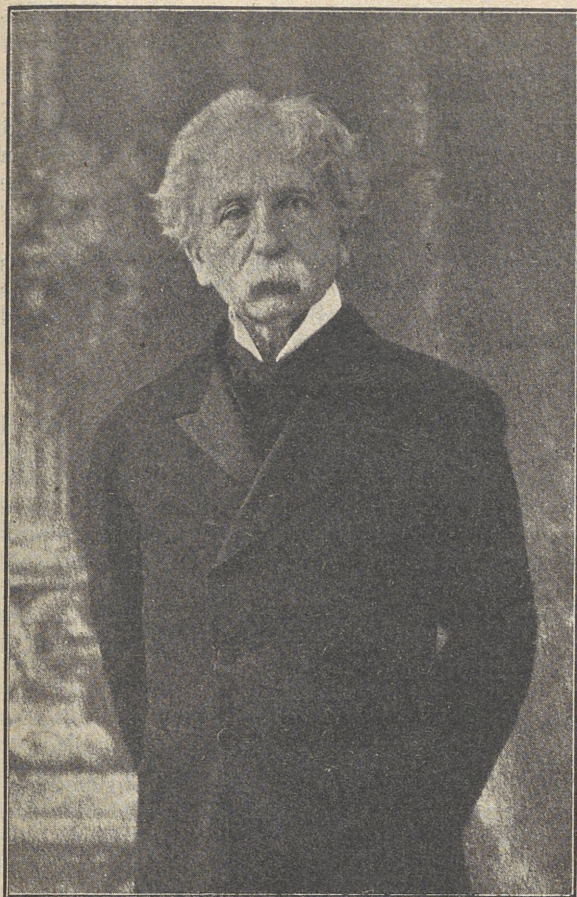
The Library Ghost.

The grossly unfair and also ridiculous situation in the Public Library continues to attract attention throughout the country among those who appreciate the vital values of a properly conducted library and who care for fair play. The comments on the situation in the "Library Journal," published in New York, are so fair and so very much to the point that I reproduce them herewith:

The library situation at Los Angeles is so serious and so significant that we give elsewhere in full the history of the last library change there, to which brief allusion was made last month. It is claimed that the librarian was removed "for cause" but there is every indication that the causes scheduled were newly discovered for the occasion, as they seem never to have been heard of until the appointment of the new incumbent, never to have been brought to the attention of the librarian herself, and to be unsupported by informed public opinion, which appears to be outspoken against the change. The "Library Journal" is never disposed to support the "ins" as against the "outs" per se for change in personnel may often be necessary for library advancement; but in this case there seems to be little doubt that a local library "boss" was personally desirous of making the new appointment, and that the appointment was made for this reason. Above all, the fact remains that a librarian of technical training and thorough experience is displaced for an untrained appointee without administrative experience, who receives a salary two-thirds larger than the sum previously paid. The new incumbent is a man of literary attainments, but his qualifications for library administration are not revealed in his pronouncement as to the adoption of a card catalogue, which has been long in use in the library, the necessity for a "reasoned catalogue" (catalogue raisonne) and the "universal index to local chronicles" to be readily prepared on "a simple card". At the other shore of the continent, Bridgeport is second to Los Angeles's bad record, the political performance of last year having been followed by its logical consequences. The librarian then appointed at the instance of the "labor mayor" has been now practically superseded by a superintendent, at an equal salary, this being a return to the former system abolished a year ago on plea of economy, while the activities of the library have been reduced and its prestige impaired. The moral is that politics and personal preferment are good things to keep out of a library.

Laudator Temporis Acti.

I have the profoundest reverence for "the good gray critic," William Winter. The lecture he has been delivering in Los Angeles on "The Theater and the Public" is a model of exquisite composition, and much of it is startlingly prophetic. It is the voice of the Jeremiah of the drama. It is a splendid philippic against "the ascendancy of the plebeian" and a terrific and partially deserved arraignment of the Theatrical Trust. But it is also a panegyric of the past, with scant justice meted out to the present. "There lived brave men before Agamemnon," and all the pleasures of the contemporary stage are not entirely bad. While Mr. Winter is at pains to postulate that he does not discount present performances for memories of the past, I must confess that even to my reverent eyes he is beset by some passionate prejudices. Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske and Blanche Bates are the only actresses of today he can commend, and Richard Mansfield stands alone in his favor among our living actors. Of latter-day playwrights he will



William Winter

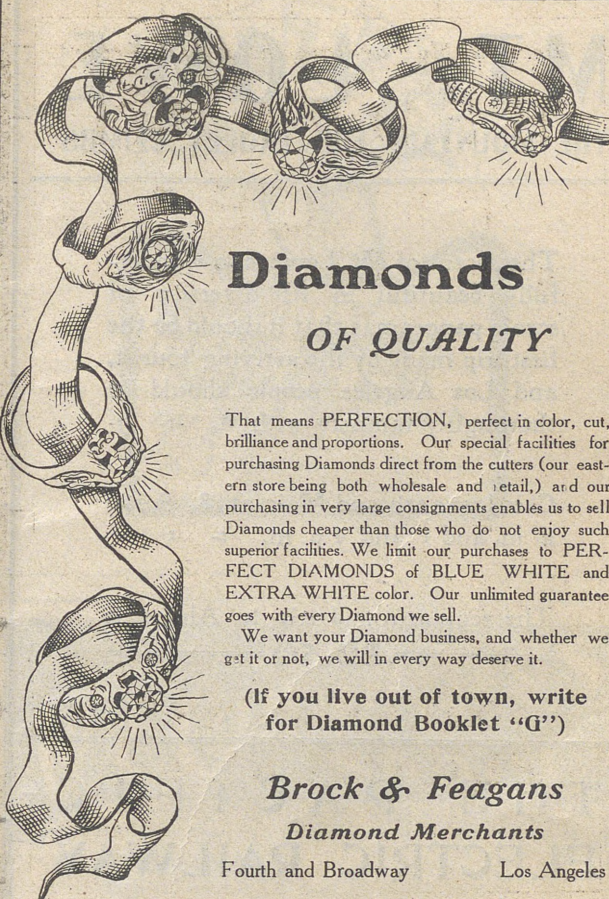
have none at all. At most of them he hurls ornate anathemata,—in many cases thoroughly merited, but not all. Ibsen is not all “clinics and obstetrics”—I have condemned his “Ghosts” as fervidly as Mr. Winter himself—; Shaw is not all Pshaw. Why not say a good word, Mr. Winter, for Augustus Thomas, who gave us “Arizona,” for Capt. Marshall, whose “Royal Family” was surely all grace and gentleness, or for David Belasco? And while Saul is among the prophets, is not David Warfield’s genius today worthy of a place in the tender treasury of delightful and heart-moving acting? But as a splendid pillory of contemporary manners, of newspapers, of the theater, of the decadence of our commercialized taste, William Winter’s lecture is a masterpiece.

J. J. Byrne’s Preferment.

It is very good news, indeed, that J. J. Byrne has been promoted in the service of the Santa Fe and, moreover, that he is not to leave us. The Santa Fe needs such men as Byrne at the top but we could ill spare his cheerful countenance, his active brain and his kindly heart from this community.

No Mistake Made.

The men who have the erection of the Stephen M. White Memorial in hand made no mistake when they selected the design of Douglass Tilden, the deaf mute sculptor of San Francisco. Tilden has a standing among American sculptors well toward the front rank. I doubt if there are any sculptors who are his superiors except St. Gaudens and Daniel C. French. There is an old adage that “A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country,” but Tilden is a



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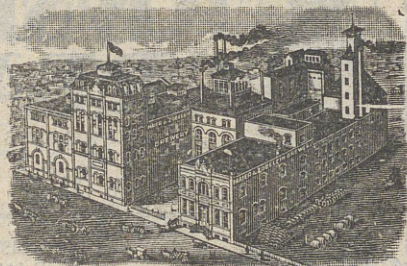
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refutation of this wise old saw. He has had ample opportunity in the northern city, and the best statues and memorials in San Francisco are the product of his brain and hands. Everyone who has been north is familiar with the Peter Donahue Memorial at Market and Bush streets, the Native Sons Monument at Market and Mason streets, the "Ball Thrower" in Golden Gate Park, and the "Tired Boxer" in the Olympic Club. All are the handiwork of this finely endowed Native Son, whom nature has made a mute. The design for the Stephen M. White memorial is ambitious, but Tilden is one of the few Americans equipped to produce a work of art that will fulfill the requirements.

Bruce Hatch, Miner.

Bruce Hatch is back from British Columbia, and I hear will remain for several months—at least until spring opens in the north. Hatch has lost all ambition to be either a newspaper man or a theatrical magnate, and will remain by the silver-lead proposition that he has in the Kootenay country. I am told that he has very much of a mine in the British possession, and the thousands who know him in Los Angeles will, I am sure, join me in the hope that it may make him a millionaire.

Dr. Hendryx Prospers.

Another Angeleno who is mining in British Columbia is Dr. Wilbur Hendryx, who abandoned medicine for mining some years ago. Only a few weeks ago I heard a story to the effect that Dr. Hendryx was "broke," but Bruce Hatch has told several local friends that he would "like to be broke just the same as Dr. Hendryx." Dr. Hendryx is at the Reliance mine at Nelson, B. C. He has evolved a new method for treating low grade gold and copper ore, and I hear the method is being put to practical test at the Reliance mine with most satisfactory results.

Organ Builders Move.

I hear that the Los Angeles Art Organ Company is about to move its plant to Hoboken, N. J. The reason for the change is that the stockholders want to be closer to organ buyers than they can possibly be while in Los Angeles. With a population of eighty million on the east of the Rockies to only about four million west the reason for the change becomes apparent. Los Angeles cannot well afford to lose this factory, but what other course was open to the factory owners? Besides, some of the stockholders have had some very uncomfortable experiences.

For Coolgardie.

The Express revels in mystery these days; likes mystery so much that it says Rainmaker Hatfield's destination is a British colonial possession where mining is the only industry, where rain rarely, if ever falls, where the miners who want water have joined the government in raising a \$10,000 bonus to be given Hatfield if he makes rain. Then the Express solemnly says that no one, outside the precincts of the Express office, can know where Hatfield is bound. Bless your innocent hearts, haven't you described the Coolgardie mining district of West Australia to a T? Do you suppose that your readers never turn outside your pages, gentlemen of the Express? Hatfield will leave next Spring for his destination, but I am given to understand that he will be in Southern California this winter, under-

taking "to bring 18 inches of rain." I have no more faith in Hatfield than has my friend Franklin of the Weather Bureau, but nevertheless there isn't a single merchant, banker or business man in Southern California who could not afford to contribute to the "Hatfield fund" every year that 18 inches of rain falls in Los Angeles.

Fungi and Parasites.

Professor S. M. Woodbridge is one of those patient, tireless delvers into the mysteries of nature who rarely make money for themselves but confer lasting benefits on mankind. Mr. Woodbridge has been heard from before in the horticultural world, but now he announces the discovery of a new fungus which will rid the orchards of black scale. His researches date back to the summer of 1898 when he noticed that the black scale on some trees in San Bernardino county were diseased. An investigation showed that a fungus was causing the deadly work. Cultures of this fungus were made. Mr. Woodbridge announces that the fungus will kill only the young scale promptly after hatching. Thus, it seems another pest that has annoyed and caused loss to orchardists is to go into the category of preventable diseases. Some day the romance of the story of these insect and vegetable parasites will appeal to the mind of a master writer and the Eastern magazines will teem with history of this character—even now as the Easterners are being regaled with the romance of Luther Burbank's life work.

He Paid the Draft.

Those friends of Colonel Epes Randolph who have stock in his Llanos de Oro mine in Sonora are delighted. The Colonel took the trouble to force the stock on those he liked. One day he met Frank Flint on the street, and said to him, "Frank, I have put you down for \$5,000 in shares in my new mine, so you must be ready to meet a draft for that sum in about sixty days." Frank likes bank stock and real estate better than any other investment, and commenced to protest that he did not want any of the stock. "It's no use, Frank," replied the Colonel, "you must pay that draft when it comes, and take the stock. I know what I am talking about." "Well if you put it that way, I suppose I will pay the draft," was Frank's response. So the stock came and the draft was paid, and not until then did Frank realize that he did not know the first thing about the property. Ray Horton who is in Frank's office was lucky enough to get a little wad of the stock and one day this week, Frank called to him, "Say, Horton, do you know where this Randolph mine is, and anything about it?" That stock is now worth one hundred per cent advance, and Frank is wondering why the Colonel did not force him to take more. He can buy a few more chairs now for that house in Washington.

A Loyal Arizonan.

Speaking of Epes Randolph reminds me of a startling statement he made recently in conversation with me. We were talking about Los Angeles and its phenomenal growth, when he said, "It is all very lovely, and I like Los Angeles more than I can express, but as far as productiveness goes, I can tell you that there are three counties in Arizona that produce more than all of the Southern California counties, and one state in Mexico, that of Sonora, which also excels this half of California. I mean



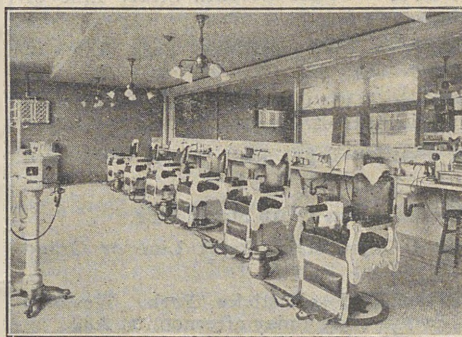
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in productions that add to the world's wealth. We do produce climate that we sell at our own price, but of stuff that comes out of the ground, those three Arizona counties beat us out by a whole lot of money."

Arthur Letts's New Home.

I see that Arthur Letts has removed to Hollywood while the finishing touches are being given to his new country home. As time goes on and the business of the Broadway Department Store grows in every direction, Mr. Letts necessarily depends more and more on his heads of departments and his splendid business organization to handle all but the larger details of the business. Having an innate love for country life, it would not surprise anyone if Mr. Letts devotes every possible moment to his country place. I am told that it will be fully a month before the mansion is ready for occupancy. Those who have been given a peep at the plans for furnishing the house tell me that every room will be furnished and decorated to conform to a period. For instance, there will be a Louis XV room, a colonial room and so on. All the furnishings have been made specially for the house and when Mr. Letts takes possession a month hence, I doubt if there will be a more artistic home west of Chicago.

L'Entente Cordiale.

A good story reaches me from England concerning the excellent feeling now existing between King Edward's government and the French Republic. Two "Chappies" in a club were discussing the interchange of visits between the French and British

fleets. It will be recalled that the British tars fraternized with the "froggies" at Brest, on the coast of Normandy, and the French fleet crossed the channel to put in at Cowes in the Isle of Wight.

"Say, old chap," remarked Chappie No. 1, "I'm a little bit off in my French anyway. How would you translate 'L'entente cordiale?'"

"Er—Er," replied Chappie No. 2, "I should say, er, er, 'the milk of human kindness,' doncherknow."

"Aw, Aw," drawled Chappie No. 1, "'The milk of human kindness?' Aw. How d'you make out that, old chap?"

"Well, er, er," pondered Chappie No. 2, "It's this way, doncherknow. Our jackies get their milk from Brest, doncherknow, and the froggies get their's from Cowes."

Football Season in Full Swing.

The great American "society sport" of football, the one on which the elite throughout the country spends many anxious thoughts, some limbs and many dollars every year, has never received much support in Southern California. Probably this is because football, like a wedding or a funeral, is scarcely interesting unless you know some of the parties concerned. And very few of "Society's" young folk in these parts stay here to attend school. But this year the Sherman Indians, of whom Angelenos never tire, and Berkeley and Stanford are to be centers of interest. As a result the season just opening will probably be the greatest that the winter sport ever saw in Los Angeles. Berkeley comes South to play the Indians tomorrow and Stanford will be here one week later. On Christmas Day the Haskell Indians will travel from Kansas to meet the local reds for the championship of the West. All three games should provide thrills a'plenty. The game with Berkeley tomorrow promises great things both for the pretty miss who has a particularly nobby suit and the untamed college-business man who has been out in the world just long enough to realize what a good time he really had when at school. For the expert there will be unlimited field for observation and satisfaction. For the general public that likes to see Young America "let off steam" it will be a day of joy. In the northern team there are no Southern California boys, although one of the substitute backs will be Wharton, formerly of Pomona. But in the Indian team there will be many familiar faces—those of Magee and Neafus, the backs, Lugo and Lubo, the almost world famous tackles, Blacktooth, Morales, Sholder, Saunders and half a dozen lesser lights. Neafus, the quarter back, will be at half back this year and his place in the heart of the team will be taken by Charles Coleman, formerly an end. Walter Hempel, coach, has taught his men a style of play distinctively his own. What they will do against the eleven of the two Eastern coaches who are shaping Berkeley's destiny this year remains to be seen. The men who make a study of football believe that Sherman will win the game or come very close to it. At any rate no one who plays will be able to forget the fact for several days—that much is certain.

The boxes are all gone and most of the seats with them, for this big game. Miss Carrie Bogart, Miss Cynthia Fay, Clark Briggs, H. B. Rollins, Fielding Stilson and a coterie from the University Club have already engaged boxes for parties. Sections have been set apart for the Berkeley Club, the Stanford Club, several groups of students from the local colleges and for Sherman Institute supporters.

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Westlake Park -- Take Seventh Street Line or Second Street Line.

Eastlake Park -- Take Eastlake Park Line of Downey Avenue Line.

Elysian Park -- Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring Street.

Hollenbeck Park -- Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

South Park -- Take San Pedro Street Line.

Chutes Park -- Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

BAND CONCERTS -- Eastlake Park, Westlake Park and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Seeing Los Angeles Observation Cars

provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of Today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents . . . No Half Fares

Cars start from Hotel Angelus Fourth and Spring Streets at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily, Sundays included. :: ::

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Autos and Autoists

This is the automobile age. And the auto is only in its infancy, so to speak. Five years ago, or rather, nearly six, for it was early in 1900, there were only three hundred automobiles in the United States. How truly marvelous has been the growth and development of the self-propelling car in these five years! It was then a crude affair, and people thought for a time they preferred to ride in carriages, for the automobile was as yet uncomfortable and awkward. All that is changed now, and the automobile today is a model of beauty, ease and comfort.

It seems strange to think that our automobile population has grown so in five years. Compared with this modern vehicle of conveyance the proverbial rabbit is rather a back number as a speedy progenitor. The automobile population of Los Angeles today is probably ten times as great as was the entire car population of this country five years ago.

"We haven't begun to appreciate the automobile as a commercial factor yet," declared a South Broadway dealer the other day, speaking of the auto in business. "A few years from now all the truck hauling of our great cities will be done in auto trucks, the expressmen will carry baggage in auto express wagons, the butcher, grocer, dairyman will use them. They will become indispensable because, as improvements are made, the cost both of keeping them up and of motive power will be greatly lessened while the original cost of the cars themselves will be much reduced. Improvements in autos will go right ahead, just as they have in trolley cars, bicycles and other inventions.

"Some of the breweries of this city already are using auto trucks, and recently an auto coach, capable of carrying about twenty-five passengers, has put in an appearance here and is doing a good business showing sight-seers about the city. The auto has been instrumental in the development of hitherto undeveloped country, by the establishment of stage lines feeding railroads.

"A few years ago the automobile was used only as a pleasure vehicle. But it is destined, I believe, to become most important in our big cities in the usages I have named. I wouldn't be surprised if, in the not far distant future, autos were to be used along some streets in lieu of electric cars. Why not? An ordinary auto isn't a quarter as large as a trolley car, and it can be manipulated in crowded streets where a car would have to halt and wait. This experiment has been tried in some cities, and I see no reason why it shouldn't prove successful here. Los Angeles is behind the eastern cities in the matter of automobiles, but it is forging ahead rapidly. This city is, by reason of climate, probably the best adapted to the automobile in the country, and I believe in time it will lead."

The tourist car run to Riverside last Saturday was a thorough success, twelve cars making the round trip without a mishap. Every auto finished in good condition.

This trip furnished one of the best possible arguments in favor of club runs. Such events stimulate wholesome interest in touring and are a good thing for the trade, as drivers are given an opportunity to demonstrate the good qualities of their cars.

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES -
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.

It is perhaps not generally known that automobile insurance has been established along well defined lines. The need is apparent, judging from the number of accidents and injuries suffered by motor cars. John T. Griffith Company, 214 Wilcox block, makes a specialty of automobile insurance.

A meeting of the automobile dealers' association is to be held some time next week. Aside from the ordinary routine business there will be a discussion regarding the holding of an automobile fair, road run, endurance contest, or something of the kind. Dealers are determined to exploit some new attraction this winter, but nothing will be done until after the first rains, when the roads will be in better shape.

W. K. Cowan states that when he was East he ordered one hundred 1906 model Ramblers for his business, from the Rambler factory at Kenosha, Wis. There will be six different models in all, and about sixty or sixty-five touring cars. The number 1 survey will be similar to the car of that model sold this year, with improvements. There will also be two models of four cylinder touring cars, one of twenty-five horse power, and one of forty. Then there will be three family surreys, and a twelve horse power runabout.

Mr. Cowan last week sold a carload of Ramblers to the Long Beach agent, and that dealer has seven more cars ordered. So far Mr. Cowan has received one carload of 1906 surreys, and has sold these.

City Treasurer Hartwell of Long Beach has gone East, and will visit the Rambler factory at Kenosha, where he will select a forty horse power touring car which he has bought.

Ralph Hamlin left New York Monday for this city and when this was written he was expected to arrive in this city Friday. Mr. Hamlin went East to order 1906 model Franklin autos, and also to see the Vanderbilt cup race.

Mine Host Schneider of the Cafe Bristol entertained the Utah Pioneers with an elaborate banquet when they were here this week. Without doubt the Bristol is having a splendid run of business. The familiar faces of Schneider and Fieber bear a most happy expression these days and both of these caterers are expecting the winter season to be particularly good to them. They are providing the best the market affords and their service is so good that naturally they have reasons on which to found their expectations.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

This welcome change in the weather, with its little chill in the air, brings a suggestion of Christmas festivities which is already easily discerned in the stores. All the lovely things have a holiday smack about them, handsome presents are peeping out from under cover all ready for the lucky donors; ball gowns and party dresses fill the handsome windows, and never was there a more tempting display to select from than is supplied in this present year of our Lord 1905.

Of all the gorgeous displays of the aforesaid gowns I have seen in this city the "mark" is reached a wonderful place to be found on the third floor and worth a visit to the city just for the novelty of the thing. Magnificent lace wedding gowns on draped figures, silks, chiffons, velvets and embroideries are so artistically arranged in this new department as to baffle all description. The black gown of finest Chantilly lace stands out in my memory as a thing apart. Some novelties in neckwear I saw there too, white Moline ruffs with large chenille spots and long hanging tails also spotted, were the most effective decorations on the graceful wire ladies. Cunningly devised point lace "sets" chemisettes and cuffs were also "present" and to be had at all prices and in all patterns. The Coulters are surely doing themselves proud this winter in their importations and this "foreign exhibit" certainly takes first money.

I saw some stunning millinery one day this week at the smart establishment, 555 South Broadway, owned by the very charming Miss Swobdi. From the number of rich and gorgeous customers I saw admiring themselves in her new headgear I should fancy she has to cater to the very "cream" of the society women here. Miss Swobdi has some lovely imported hats but the stunningest of all I saw there was one of her own models, a peach of a thing in real white lace and split ostrich feathers, with just one gold-tinselled open rose nestling under the wide brim. She is an artist all right, all right, is dainty Miss Swobdi.

The Boston Store people "aren't doing a thing" this season for the happy housekeeper, who insists upon fall cleaning and general upheavals of household gods. The drapery department with its lovely Oriental rugs and curtains was working overtime apparently when I visited it the other day. Mr. Vincent, the clever manager of this and the art department, seems to be bent upon making some people happy at all events. He is selling some perfectly beautiful real lace Arabian bedspreads and pillow covers for fifteen dollars this week, that were originally marked and sold for \$45! Just for a joke, I suppose, but a jolly nice one for the lucky buyer who happens in on it! I saw some beautiful new curtains and window drapes there in the latest designs which were just being opened up for the fall trade and marked all the way from two bits a yard and up.

Now my dear, I must tell you of something that will surely interest you. This is the children's department in the Ville de Paris. This as well as the millinery and art are new ventures on the part of Mons. Fusenot, and are in perfect accord with his very lovely new store. You know this city swarms with stores for the "grown ups" but the little ones' departments you can count on the fingers of one hand. So to the Ville now and always for the daintiest and sweetest, as well as most complete outfits for the rising generation. The little girls' tucked and belted frocks from a dollar up, in finest material, put an end to all idea of the home sewing machine. Buster Brown suits, Baby Stork outfits, little coats, jackets, bonnets, and wee booties are all there and at much more reasonable prices than can be found at any of the children's outfitters in the city, and of this subject I ought to know whereof I speak, eh?

Mr. George P. Taylor, the man's comforter and outfitter, at 525 South Broadway, is propounding a conundrum this week, that only he can properly answer. When is a man iridescent? I believe the answer is when he wears one of the latest novelties in neckties. Lovely bits of changeable silk are made to order there into Ascots and four-in-hands, and it must be something of a joy to be able to dissemble. On the shady side of the street for instance, your man's necktie is green or brown; on the sunny side, lo! 'tis gold or purple. These things all depend upon the way you look at them, but anyhow to be "on top" go to Taylor's and become "iridescent."

The Blackstones have as usual something new to show us this week in their ribbon department. A pretty maiden there explained to me the innermost

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secrets of some most charming little hand-bags for opera and reception wear, composed of the newest of silk ribbons, flowered, striped, figured and shaded. You just select your wide ribbon there, you know, in Dresden hand-painted effects, or softer Messaline, and with deft fingers and many French knots these clever people transform it into the cunningest of silken handbags. A "shower bouquet" of knotted ribbons forms the decoration and is most frivolously attractive. Neckties of these new ribbons are made also at Blackstone's to order, and "while you wait" and you would simply be charmed, my dear child, if you could see some of their new ideas and devices in the making and tying of these becoming bow-knots. A pretty fresh ribbon is always a joy to the female heart and it is to Blackstone's I should recommend you to go to make your next selection.

With all evidences of my most distinguished consideration, as "Uncle George" says, I remain

Affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.

S. Figueroa St., October Eighteenth.

With the Clubs

In opening war against food adulterations, the club women of Los Angeles have no idea of stopping with a few resolutions passed by individual organizations. The agitation is to be conducted by a strategy that will reach as many persons as possible, and the co-operation of every man and woman who can be interested will be sought. Mrs. Robert Burdette at a recent convention of club women in this city made the startling statement that in very few cases at best would any housekeeper of Los Angeles place on her table meat secured in this city if she had previously been privileged to trace the course of its preparation from the slaughter house to the home. Now Mrs. Burdette, who is head of the Department of Home for the Ebell Club, has opened the season for this section with a consideration of the pure food movement. Mrs. Burdette admits that certain adulterations are not harmful, but even such are undesirable, since their object is to secure to the manufacturer money for what he does not sell. Adulterations are expensive or harmful or both, says Mrs. Burdette, and therefore they should not be permitted in the food of the people. Los Angeles will hear more on the subject before the season is over.

This question of pure food will come up at the annual meeting of the Los Angeles District Federation of Clubs, to be held beginning December 4 in Pasadena. Mrs. O. Shepherd Barnum is at the head of the Economic Section for the District Federation, and she has already sought to interest several legislators and other prominent men in the proposition, while Senator Flint with his invariable bonhomie has promised to lend a hand.

Mrs. John Hickman of Nashville, Tenn., who has been visiting Mrs. O. W. Childs, is national secretary of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and stopped here on her way home from the recent convention held in San Francisco. She is a charming woman, and like her cousin, Mrs. Childs, is a daughter of the South.

It is now but a few weeks until the Los Angeles branch of the Needlework Guild of America will

again come before the public on the occasion of its annual ingathering. The simplest organization in the world, this guild probably accomplishes more for the time and money expended than any other club of women. Club machinery has come to be such a prominent factor in this class of women's work that it is refreshing to find a company of women who never meet except when they really have some end to accomplish by so doing. There are no sessions to discuss business of the league. True, a short while before the "ingathering" the officers meet and seek to encourage others to come in order that the fact of the approaching "ingathering" may be fresh in the minds of those who might have forgotten, but that is all. If you can contribute two new garments annually, you can join the Guild. You may, too, donate 10 cents a year. Nothing else is required of you, and I have heard one woman say: "To what does that little bit amount?" Last year it amounted to 3300 warm garments distributed among the poor. Mrs. S. S. Salisbury, who is president of the Los Angeles division, is doing much to arouse further interest among the women of this city which shows great and desirable results.

With the Friday Morning Club the matter of quarters has come to the point of open discussion, and this week's meeting has been set apart for a hearing of the matter. Whether to buy the present building and erect an addition that shall be large enough to accommodate the rapidly increasing membership, or to select a new site and put up another club house, is the question upon which the Friday Morning women are divided. The situation promises interesting developments, although the leading spirits will seek to retain in the club that spirit of harmony which is its most enviable characteristic. The property now occupied has increased greatly in value since it was built, and again may come up the difficulty which confronted the club at the beginning of last year. It was then the desire of many to buy, but the two stockholders who are not identified with the club were unwilling to sell at a figure that the others would pay, and proceedings were stayed. It was merely a business proposition, and nobody felt inclined to censure the stockholders who held for a higher figure, but the circumstance interfered materially with the club's designs.

L. K.

The Angelus hotel quartered the first Raymond & Whitcomb excursion of the season which came in from Boston early this week. The Pasadena hotels will handle these excursions except the last one of the season, the Angelus management being unable to provide such accommodations except at the beginning and end of the tourist season.

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"Casa de Rosas"

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Academic, Preparatory, Primary Departments
Domestic Science, Music, Art, Physical Culture
College Certificate Rights
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Miss Parsons, Miss Dennen, Principals

Over The Teacups

Once more will be placed on sale at a bazaar the fruits of busy little fingers, plied assiduously for the past year, accompanied by a wealth of lovely thoughts in memory of a little comrade, a loving spirit whom it was seen fit to take away. The affair is to be given by the little members of the Marie Louise Society of the Childrens' Hospital, on the afternoon of October 28 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cline, Adams and Figueroa street. The society was formed several years ago in memory of Marie Louise Holliday, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday, and the object thereof has been to found a bed in the Children's Hospital in the name of the little girl whose death caused so much sadness. It will require eight thousand dollars to maintain this bed permanently, and the band of thirty-five members of the society give annually an out-of-door fair. Last year's was one of the prettiest events with its gaily colored booths, play-houses, and other attractions artistically arranged on the lawn. On that occasion eight hundred dollars was netted and it is the purpose of those in charge this year to

realize a thousand dollars, to be applied, of course, to the fund, which is rapidly growing. Each year Mrs. Cline, whose two young daughters are members of the society, lends her home and aid to the cause, and this time will be assisted by Mrs. Frank W. Burnett and Mrs. A. F. Morlan.

Isn't it just splendid the generosity being shown on every side to aid the benefit to be given at "Miramar" Santa Monica this evening by Miss Georgina Jones and her assistants? From all sides donations have been sent in and there promises to be an S. R. O. sign out at the gate of the large and beautiful grounds long before the time for beginning the festivities. There will be dancing and every sort of amusement. Oh yes, and there is a treat in store too, in the solo by Mr. Frank Pollock, who at the close of the play "Dream of Fair Women" will sing Gounod's "Ave Maria." In the principal event of the evening the cast will be as follows: Miss Georgina Jones, Cleopatra; Miss Georgia Caswell, Joan D'Arc; Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Jephthah's daughter; Miss Ella Mosgrove, Iphigenia; Miss May Ridgway, Marie Stuart; Miss Echo Allen, Fair Rosamond; Mrs. Frank Pollock, Marie Antoinette; Miss Grace Mellus, Helen of Troy; Mr. Roy Jones, poet. Just imagine the rotund beauty of Mr. Jones shining in the disguise of a poet! Anyway, it will be beautiful and everybody worth while will be there.

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Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Bryant have as their guest for a few weeks Miss Bessie Palmer, of Oakland, who it will be remembered was maid of honor at the Bryant-Bixby nuptials a year ago. On Monday evening Dr. and Mrs. Bryant entertained with a theater party and supper at the Angelus afterward for their guest. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. George Denis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bixby, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Johnston, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Echo Allen, Miss Adelaide Brown, Mr. W. E. Dunn, Mr. A. P. Schindler, Dr. Edward Dillon and Mr. Russell Taylor.

Mrs. W. E. Dunn and Mrs. Granville MacGowan are at present visiting Mrs. Will Porter of San Francisco. Mrs. Porter, Mrs. MacGowan and Mrs. Dunn are planning the home trip in Mrs. Porter's motor car, on which trip they will leave soon.

The marriage of Mrs. Lillian Pollock and Mr. Benjamin F. McCarthy, brother of Mrs. Will Innes, was quietly celebrated on Wednesday at the latter's home, only the immediate relatives of the bride being present. For the occasion, Mrs. Innes's father, Mr. B. J. McCarthy, and her two sisters, Mrs. Lewis G. Garrabrant and Mrs. Boyd Woodward, came up from Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Pollock is a native of New York and came from the metropolis only a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy will reside in San Francisco.

In honor of Mrs. Garrabrant, Miss Leila Simonds entertained at the Los Angeles Country Club recently. While Miss Simonds was visiting in Nashville last year she was royally entertained by the young matron, and the latter will no doubt be one of the guests at the wedding of Miss Simonds and Mr. Warren Carhart which will occur November 15. It is to be a quiet affair, much to the surprise of many, who had hoped the fair bride would give her four or

five hundred admiring friends a glimpse of the proceedings. It is a safe prediction she will be as pretty as a picture, as she was when maid of honor for Belle Coulter Posey.

Mrs. Posey is to be matron of honor, you know, that is, if she can be induced to leave her little daughter Sarah Elizabeth, who arrived to grace the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Posey a week ago. Won't that mite of humanity stand a chance of being well spoiled with all the adoring relatives she has, and she the only very young and small member of the family?

Now, girls, sit up and take notice. One of the most eligible bachelors in town has gone East and got married without ever so much as saying a word to anybody, and the first known of the affair at all was the announcement received here this week. The principals are Philip Lyon, well known club man, and Miss Margery Needles of Belleville, Ill. The marriage occurred several days ago at the bride's home and the young couple are on their way to Los Angeles.

Another marriage of note is that of Dr. George Laubersheimer and Miss Ethel Cousins, which was celebrated at Trinity church, Portland, September 23. Dr. and Mrs. Laubersheimer are now at home at 1115 Los Angeles street.

Mrs. W. T. McArthur and her brother, Mr. Beauchamp Smith, are entertaining their sister, Mrs. William Hubbard Hall, and cousin, Miss Fahs, of Butte, Mont. Mrs. Hall lived in Los Angeles for a year prior to her marriage several months ago to Dr. William Hubbard Hall, a well known Montana physician.

After Tuesday October 24 and for a couple of weeks succeeding, we shall all be obliged to go about looking like prunes and prisms and Lent, for we are to have the national convention of the W. C. T. U. here, it being the first occasion on which Los Angeles, or Southern California, for that matter, has been so favored. Only on one other occasion has the honorable band come to the coast and that was ten or twelve years ago when the convention met in San Francisco. Of course we are all anxious to show them just what a model city this is. There are to be eleven hundred visitors from the Eastern cities, among them being Mrs. L. M. Stevens, the national president, who comes from Portland, Me., and Miss Anna Gordon, the vice president. Mrs. Stevens has had a difficult office to fill in succeeding the great idol of the temperance work, the late Frances Willard, but she has won the affection and admiration of her colleagues and has grown to be regarded as a great and wise leader. There will be about the same number of delegates from the state, and the convention will open Friday, October 27, at Simpson Auditorium.

Were you at the Angelus on Monday evening? One could hardly find oneself in the jam, and the two dining rooms, both the grill and the first floor dining room, were absolutely filled with people. To be sure things had grown somewhat crowded for theater parties and many were disappointed, so the two dining cafes will prove rather comforting. It is the intention of the management to keep the upper room open each first night especially for the theater crowds.

ANASTASIA.

Where Are They?

[Announcements for this column must be received at the Graphic Office, not later than 6 p. m., Wednesday of each week. No notice is taken of any announcement unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

Mrs. Lillian Ossing of St. Louis is one of the season's visitors here.

Mrs. James Calvert Foy left Wednesday for a month's visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Sobieski Gilhousen has as her guest Miss Elizabeth Tucker of Pueblo, Colo.

Mrs. Herman Jacoby is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Mary Edelman, of New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul A. Adams of Butte, Mont., are among the late arrivals in Los Angeles.

Miss Dorothy Groff of Lovelace avenue returned lately from a year's sojourn in Europe.

Mrs. Granville MacGowan is visiting Mrs. Will S. Porter on Pacific avenue in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. Will H. Smith and son have returned from a three months' trip through the East.

Mrs. Walter Lindley, who has been absent for some time in the East, is at present in Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. Ross Clark has returned from Butte, Mont., whither she went to attend the wedding of her niece.

Mrs. A. J. Chandler of 1327 Vermont avenue has returned from her summer home at Shakespeare Beach.

Mrs. J. A. Henderson and daughter, Mrs. Helen Steckel, arrived home Wednesday from a European trip.

Mrs. Matson Hill and Miss Jean Hill are at the Hotel Leighton, where they expect to spend the winter.

Miss Agnes Richter left recently for New York, whence she will sail October 24 for Berlin to be gone a year.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. J. P. St. John of Kansas are in this city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gillen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson of West Adams street are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Charles Bayne of Oakland.

Capt. and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry returned this week from the East and San Francisco and are at home at the Hinman.

Miss Bird Chanslor will have as her guest in the near future Miss Maizie Mather of Napa, niece of Mrs. John H. Norton.

Mrs. George Goldsmith (Lillian Burkhart) left Thursday for Louisville, Ky., where she commences her tour in vau-deville.

Lieut. Llewellyn Wigmore, U. S. A., has been the guest for the past week of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Groff at their Redondo home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of 2114 South Grand avenue have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Baldwin of San Francisco.

Mrs. Alfred Solano of 2306 South Figueroa street, who has been staying in Buffalo, N. Y., for some months, is expected home this week.

Mrs. Alvine and Miss Hilda Gilbert have returned from Mexico, where they were the guests of Mrs. Alvine's father, General Torres, of Sonora.

Mr. W. F. Callender has arrived from an Eastern trip. Mrs. Callender and her sister, Miss Della Bates, are at present visiting relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Newberry have returned from an absence of several weeks and are again occupying their apartments at the Lankershim.

Mrs. Griffing Bancroft of San Diego, who has been visiting at the home of her parents, Judge and Mrs. John D. Works, left for her home on Thursday.

Card Party Prizes

We have novelties of all sorts suitable for prizes for any party. These novelties are neat, up-to-date and inexpensive. Come in and examine them.

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Mr. and Mrs. George Steckel have returned from their wedding journey and are domiciled at the Angelus while their new home is being completed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gilbert, who are well known winter visitors in California, are here from their home in Buffalo, and will spend the season at the Angelus.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Poland, who were married in St. Joseph, Mo., October 4, have arrived in Los Angeles and have taken apartments at the Abbotsford Inn.

Mrs. John F. Francis of 905 South Bonnie Brae avenue is entertaining her late husband's nephew, William Powell, and the latter's son, Hollis Powell, of Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Fernand Lungren have gone to San Francisco for a short visit, thence to Owens Valley, where they will be the guests of Mr. Fred Eaton at his Black Rock ranch.

Mrs. Boyle Workman and daughter left recently for the East, to remain away two months. They will visit Mrs. Workman's sister, Mrs. Harry W. Watson, of Mount Vernon, Ill.

On account of the illness of her husband, Mrs. Robert E. Larkins has returned to Chicago, to the disappointment of her friends and parents, with whom she expected to pass the holidays.

Among recent arrivals at George P. Taylor's beautiful health resort, Relief Hot Springs, were Mr. Godfrey Holterhoff, jr., Mr. Dan Freeman, Mr. R. P. Blaisdell, and Mrs. and Miss Quinn.

Mrs. W. W. D. Turner and her friend, Miss Hawks, have gone on a trip to the northwest and will be away about six weeks. They will visit Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and will extend their journey to Eastern Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. A. Goodwin and three sons have returned from a trip east. They were accompanied by Mrs. Goodwin's cousins of Nova Scotia, Miss Alice Chase and Miss Blanche Ruggles, who will remain with them for the winter.

Mrs. Howard Squires, formerly Miss May Gilmore, who since her marriage has been living at West Point, Cal., is home visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gilmore of 1829 Ocean View avenue. Mrs. Squires will be here until Christmas.



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On the Stage and Off

The death of Sir Henry Irving has removed from the stage of men one of the noblest characters that ever adorned it. His career is a shining example of the value of self-help, for he was not born in the purple, nor even to conditions of modest ease. What he achieved was by dint of hard strokes. Work, and work without ceasing was his practical motto. What he achieved was fairly won, and his supremacy in the theatrical world was reflected in the high position accorded him by men of letters and in the condescension of his sovereign to whom he owed his title.

As an actor, Irving's art was disfigured by mannerisms and it was in spite of these that he became great, but in effect it was the noble unselfishness of his character that won him so many friends.

Devoting his whole life and fortune to the advancement of the drama, spending with liberal hand for the worthy mounting of his productions and exhibiting an unflinching patience in his kindly consideration of those dependent upon him, he grew into the hearts of his public, in a way that has not been equalled by any other man in the history of the stage. His life affords the best illustration of the value of high ideals as contrasted with the shop-keeping spirit that now pervades the theatrical world. He has left his imprint indelibly fixed upon the stage, his management marking an epoch that will always be remembered. The actor, scholar and gentleman has passed away but his influence will always remain. Not without significance is the fact that his ashes will be "quietly inurned" in Westminster Abbey, close by the last resting place of some of England's greatest dead.

Mr. William Winter's lecture before the Friday Morning Club last week upon the attractive subject of "The Theater and the Public," was the sensation of the week and many among the crowded audience declared their intention of attending its public repetition, announced for Wednesday last. Mr. Winter speaks with the authority of one having had an active participation in the dramatic stage life of New York during the last fifty years. He is today the leading writer upon theatrical topics, and his fearlessness, keen judgment and caustic pen have won him countless admirers. He is a man of pronounced opinions which he expresses in a copious vocabulary of picturesque, refined English, illuminated by a vocal delivery that is both musical and emphatic.

The picture of contemporary manners drawn by Mr. Winter is crowded with pessimism. He sees in the neglect of the press to perform its bounden duty to regulate the theater nothing but a direct encouragement to the spirit of cynical levity and sordid commerce with popular applause that rules the stage today. He sees that this vulgar spirit pervades the society of American homes where young people have grown smart and their elders fretful; where slang pervades their language and subjects of reverence are treated with jocose, vulgar humor and the sound of mirthless hilarity is heard in the drawing room. Agnosticism shakes the fabric of creeds, and religion has become a custom of vacant ceremonial. The rights, not the duties of man are advocated by the press, the greed of wealth overshadows everything else and the sweet manners of the past are lost in the blatant vulgarity of the present. The silver stream



Scene From
"The Chaperons"

of literature is polluted by the moral leprosy of such modern writers as Ibsen, Pinero, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Sudermann and the unspeakable charlatan D'Annunzio.

The wrong conditions that exist may be traced to three causes, namely, Materialism, Mediocrity and the Mob. The chief agencies that should be active in correcting these wrong conditions are the newspapers, and the theater and they have the same responsibility of choosing to do the right for right's sake or the wrong for profit. Emphasizing the critic's function as one of peculiar responsibility owing to the spread of newspaper influence, Mr. Winter entered into a semi-historical personal review of the stage during the last fifty years of his experience in which the elder Booth, Forrest, the Wallacks, Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson figured prominently. He told also of the time when tragedy was merged into the melodrama of blood and thunder and comedy degenerated into travesty. In 1860 Dion Boucicault invented and named the "sensation" drama, and then began the era of lascivious comic opera, the Black Crook, the Lydia Thompson blondes, and the tainted half-deodorized dramas of marital infelicity borrowed from the French. The detestable Camille was scored and the succession was pictured of the comedy of horse play, the attempts at actual realism, the sentimental farce and the odoriferous dramas in which the blackguard and the demi-rep are exploited, the so-called "problem" plays which contain no problem at all.

Feechter's Hamlet and Salvini's Othello came in for some caustic criticism, as did Bernhardt with her portrayal of the most hateful of women, types carnal and base, turning the theater into a hospital or a madhouse. Duse with her "charnel house affectation" was described as a moon-eyed reveller in physical delirium.

Mr. Winter paid his respects to the Theatrical Syndicate incubus which he described as an insensate, greedy, destructive monopoly composed of six illiterate, crafty Hebrews whose bloodsucking tentacles are all over the United States. The syndicate rules the theaters of the country, says what plays shall be produced and what not produced, degrades managers into janitors, blacklists actors and takes thirty-three and a third per cent of all profits. It has produced the vilest plays that ever disgraced the stage and in its puissance of iniquity has made an end of dignity, decency and utility in the conduct of theatrical matters. Mr. Winter named Harrison Grey Fiske, Mrs. Fiske, David Belasco and

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Richard Mansfield as among the probable saviors of the situation and paid an eloquent tribute to the genius and worth of Henry Irving and other prominent people of the stage, past and present.

That the spirit of the age is in harmony with the spirit of obliquity that rules the business world, that the needs of our time are gentleness and grace, and that the dominion of the commercial spirit in the realm of art is a matter of regret were conclusions drawn by the gifted speaker at the end of a lecture of rare interest.

GEORGE ALEXANDER DOBINSON.

Ethel Barrymore's brief visit was thoroughly delightful, the charming actress playing to crowded houses. "Sunday" is somewhat of a hodge-podge and most of it is trivial and inconsequent, but Miss Barrymore's skill and grace, supported by a clever company, redeemed Mr. Raceward's play. John Barrymore, despite the plaudits of the local critics, showed little evidence of the family genius.

Honest mirth is furnished at the Belasco this week in Broadhurst's amusing farce-comedy, "A Fool and His Money." The women of the company have little to do, but Galbraith, Vivian and Barnum each realizes his opportunity for effective work.

The Moroscoites are rioting in matrimonial melodrama this week. Mr. Morosco is doing big business. So is the Grand Opera House.

Next Tuesday evening Mr. Leo Cooper will give a lecture with analytical readings on "The Merchant of Venice" in the B'nai B'rith Hall.

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason—Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the attraction will be George Ade's distinct musical comedy hit, "Peggy from Paris." So wide is its fame that it is certain theater patrons generally will be interested in the engagement. The music, too, the work of William Loraine, has caught popular fancy.

"The Chaperons" company, which follows "Peggy" for the rest of the week, is said to number nearly sixty people, and the cast contains some well known players.

Morosco's—"Frou Frou" a play on the order of "Camille" will be the offering of the stock company for the week beginning Sunday afternoon. One of the features of the production will be the first appearance before a Los Angeles audience of the popular New York actor, Earle Ryder, whom Manager Morosco has engaged as "heavy" man.

Belasco's—A production of more than ordinary interest, "The Last Appeal," by Leo Deitrichstein, is promised for next week.

Orpheum—Good ventriloquists are always welcome additions to vaudeville bills, and one of the best will be seen and heard next week, when Arthur Prince, the English voice projector, will entertain. Bert Leslie and Robert Dailey will present their comicality, "Going Abroad," in which is incorporated some of the slangiest slang ever slung. The Melani Trio of Italian street singers, will appear with a new act. Carleton Macy and Maud Edna Hall in "A Timely Awakening"; Franz Ebert the clever Liliputian; Dixon and Holmes with new character work; Hal Merritt in monologue and new motion pictures complete another of the big Orpheum shows.

Grand—"Arizona" returns to the Grand next week.

In the Musical World



Emma Eames at Simpson's Auditorium

I suppose that if, after expressing publicly and privately a settled determination to do no more local criticism, I proceed to make the Ellis Club concert the subject of notice I will be looked upon as a recanter and a general all round delusion.

But, scarce so. For the Ellis Club is something more than a petty hereabouts issue; and, besides, it is far too much of a cherished institution to me personally to permit the ordinary Gothic and Vandalic hands of a newspaper force to be laid upon it lightly.

Moreover, if there is going to be any timely tempering of a passing breeze to a pretty well-wooled sheep I propose to do the tempering act myself.

We may take it for granted, then, that a deprecatory note, if ever so faint, is at last pulsing its way through. Well, yes.

Let me hasten to say that it is not in the choir itself in any way; nor in the selections, except in an almost indefinable direction. It lies, save in one respect, in the regrettable, but unquestionable, fact that the interpretative power is not on the onward march.

To speak more plainly. The Ellis Club sings better and better in certain respects because the personnel is better, because the voices are better used, because homogeneity and purity of pitch and tonal quality have come into richer keeping with the lapse of years and the ripening of experience.

Especially is this manifest in the quietly sensuous and sleep-draped works—as, for example, in Edgar Little's altogether charming setting of Shelley's immortal "I Arise from Dreams of Thee."

Nor is there any fault to be found with the full throated climaxes of this superb body of voices. The harmonic combinations clench sturdily, the timbre is finely knit, and the luxuriant tonal power is positively radiant in its vivid coloring.

It is not possible to find jot or tittle of flaw even in the forcible unison passages—the rock on which

most choirs split into coarse and vulgar fragments. The tone holds up easily, the flexible tenor quality filling in the inevitable bass-baritone interstices to the end of ample plastic power and full, infinite content.

Nevertheless, there is a kink somewhere—a kink so slight in the ruckle as to be undiscoverable, in truth, save by the trained and experienced observer. But, (and mark this) were the changed conditions present, even the least schooled auditor would bite greedily at the prodigious difference in both degree and effect.

The kink, such as it is, puckers up in the want of breadth, in the dearth of dramatic contrast, in the reluctance of the dashing tempo, in the failure to rise to the enormous value of the rubato, in the poverty of the closing cadence.

Music has on me two claims, and two only—that which I know (the intellectual) and that which I feel (the emotional). The one demands the other; and if that other be not forthcoming there is neither music nor anything worth while.

So, if knowledge tells that in the Gounod "Sword Dance" there is dash, furore, clang, hot blood, red wine and deviltry galore, I want that so pictured to me in performance that the pulsing nerves almost break their bonds for very lust of gore.

But the "Sword Dance," splendidly voiced and unctuously chuckled as it was, did not do this thing to me on Tuesday; and, as a result, with an abundance of lust on hand, I smiled a wan Komura smile and turned in peacefully to pretty chattiness.

Nor was I any the more drawn into the promising giddy vortex of "Wine, Women and Song." The old-time slow Strauss waltz as a languid, dreamy dance was, I have no doubt, elysium itself both in its intent and in its effect. As such, metronomic time was an essential concomitant. But to interpret it after the same fashion, whether in choral or orchestral form, is only to invite dull monotony to sit in the seat of the gay and rollicking—to put Y. M. C. A. shyness on the benches rather than the Heidelberg student on the table.

"Honest to gawd," I have found more fervid temptatiousness in a Sunday school picnic than Mr. Poulin's Strauss succeeded in arousing in a mind really somewhat anxious to be desperately wicked in a mild way—if only to tone up a system ordinarily given over to steady-going goodness.

Mendelssohn's "To the Sons of Art" hies back, of course, to the good old days when music spelt stocky, sturdy, honest polyphonic bread and meat—with no suspicion of tabasco other than an occasional forceful diatonic period, with never a ping of the exotic of these later degenerate days to stir the sensibilities of the modern jaded taste. Well writ, determinedly sung, and swinging in on schedule time to the dot—what more would you?

In Metzger's "Thou Art My Dream," a rattling good baritone solo with a peculiarly insistent humming accompaniment (most exquisitely done, by the way) Harry Clifford Lott showed all his characteristic excellencies with, I regret to say, the old time somber color still in evidence. It seems altogether too bad. With a voice closely hugging the front rank, natural temperamental qualities and high artistic instinct, I think Harry Lott should be making a strong bid for topmost honors in the greater fields. Indeed, I am very certain that with this grey tint dispelled like a passing summer cloud (as it very easily could be), and the quickening of desire, this

EDWIN H. CLARK

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clever lad could easily be in the van ere many should pass.

Mr. Shank and Mr. Pfannkuchen were both badly placed—the former singing the processional, the latter the retrocessional—but both met their fair share of success, though Mr. Pfannkuchen's few measures gave only shadowy opportunity for the manifestation of his clear-cut tonal character and crisp enunciation. Mr. Shank, on the contrary, had a couple of capital declamatory stanzas which he gave forth in the fine breezy fashion befitting both the style and his fresh, spontaneous voice—a voice which I am glad to note is growing steadily into true baritone emission.

If I have left the visiting soloists, the cheery, bonny little Irish maid, Lillian Scanlon, and the new violinist Natorp Blumenfeld for final notice it is not because I think lightly of either their powers or their success.

Oddly enough, I liked Miss Scanlon best in her sympathetic little encore—a heresy for which I suppose she will not readily forgive me. But, then, of all voices I think I love the contralto voice the best. Yet not the contralto that must needs show either its range, its power or its linguistic attainments. Rather it must touch; and, touching, I deem its mission largely fulfilled and the story largely told.

Miss Scanlon has so rarely beautiful a voice that I would it could have added unto it one more touch of loveliness. A tinge of velvety lusciousness—just a tinge—and she should wear a veritable crown of glorious possession—a crown which would rest worthily on the head of as genial and likable a little girl as Los Angeles knows, or is likely to know.

Of Mr. Blumenfeld I would rather speak later. He is, palpably, an artist to his finger tips—an artist with an exceptionally delicate and refined tone and a technic and intonation almost without reproach. His difficult paths he trod without me—for I like not violin fireworks except in Kreisler's hands, and not overmuch then. I deem the violin too beautiful an instrument to have it given over to mere display. But display there always has been, and display, I imagine, there always will be, whether you and I like it or not.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Local Notes

The First Christian Church choir has been reorganized for the coming year, Mr. J. P. Dupuy remaining as tenor and director. The choir will have the services of Mrs. Robt. Smith, well known in musical circles as Ethel Fults before her marriage. The contralto is still Miss Blanche Brown, the bass, Mr. J. J. Martin, and Miss Madge Patton the organist.

A distinguished European artist who will be heard here this season is Joseph Hollmann the Dutch 'cellist, who will play in the concert that is to be given by Madame Emma Eames, the famous soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, at Simpson Auditorium next Tuesday evening. In addition to Hollmann, Madame Eames is to have the assistance of Emilio de Gogorza and Amherst, baritone and pianist respectively.

After a thoroughly delightful concert on Thursday evening Hugo Heermann and his son Emil are taking a rest and arranging for their second program which is to take the form of a farewell concert at

Simpson tomorrow afternoon, at two o'clock. Mr. Heermann has received numerous requests for Schumann and Schubert music as well as the brighter selections by Sarasate, and the result is the following program for Saturday afternoon:

- Concerto (Grnoll) Bruch
Emil Heermann.
Redondo Saint-Saens
Hugo Heermann.
a. Ave Maria Schubert
b. Ronde des Lutins Bedini
Emil Heermann.
a. Garten Melodie Schumann
b. Mazourka Wieniawski
Hugo Heermann.
Navarra Sarasate
Hugo and Emil Heermann.

Harold Bauer's program for Tuesday, October 31, as the third event in the Great Philharmonic Course, will be as follows:

- Faschingschwank Schumann
a. Nocturne in C minor Chopin
b. Tarantelle Chopin
c. Ballade in G minor Chopin
a. Au bord d'une Source Liszt
b. Rhapsody in G minor Brahms
c. Etude "Le Vent" Alkan
a. Impromptu in G Schubert
b. Legende Liszt

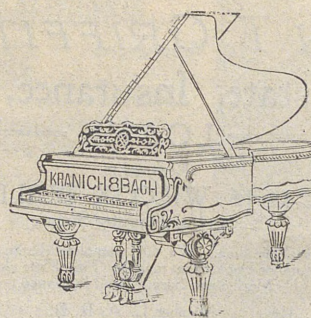
Harold Bauer's consummate technic and artistic temperament have placed him in the very front rank of contemporary pianists.

The following splendid program is promised for the great concert to be given in Simpson's next Tuesday evening by Emma Eames and her distinguished colleagues:

- Sonata in G (for 'cello and piano) Handel
(Grave, Allegro, Largo, Allegro.)
Messrs. Joseph Hollman and Amherst Webber.
Prologue from "Pagliacci" Leoncavallo
Mr. Emilio de Gogorza.
Variations "Symphonique" Boellman
Mr. Joseph Hollman.
Recitative and Aria from "Cosi fan tutti" Mozart
Mme. Emma Eames.
"Liebstod" (Tristan and Isolde) Wagner-Liszt
Mr. Amherst Webber.
a. Par le Sentier Dubois
b. La Partida Alyarez
c. Embarquez vous Godard
Mr. Emilio de Gogorza.
a. Who is Sylvia? Schubert
b. Am Sonntag Morgen Brahms
c. Spring Henschel
Mme. Emma Eames.
a. Andante Hollman
b. Arlequin Popper
c. Le rouet (Spinning Wheel) Hollman
Mr. Joseph Hollman.
Grand duet from "Hamlet" Ambroise Thomas
Mme. Emma Eames and Mr. de Gogorza.

The newly elected officers of the Woman's Lyric Club are as follows: President, Miss M. E. Comins; Vice-President, Mrs. J. S. Edwards; Secretary, Mrs. G. J. Viera; Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Jamison; Financial Secretary, Miss Jessica Lawrence; Librarian, Mrs. E. F. Marsh; Assistant Librarian, Mrs. L. S. Christin. These officers and Mrs. Jud Saeger, Mrs. Talbot-Winship, Mrs. O. A. Traversy and Mrs. W. W. Godsmark constitute the board of directors. Mr. J. B. Poulin was unanimously re-elected musical director for the coming season. The club expects to give three concerts during the season, the first to be given early in December.

A. MINOR.



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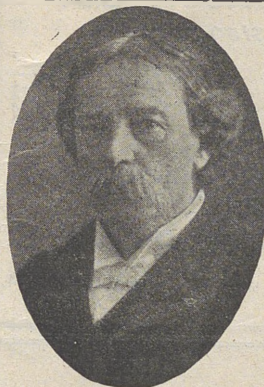
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Financial

The Merchants Trust Company has severed all connection with the clearing house. The reason is that the company is dissatisfied with the exchange charges prescribed by the Clearing House. As stated by Lloyd L. Elliott, president of the Merchants Trust, the position of the company is as follows: "The clearing house has been operating for a long time under rules which compel corresponding banks in the East sending to Los Angeles cash items here for collection to pay 10 cents a hundred for collecting those checks, and those that come down from San Francisco bear Eastern indorsement at 5 cents a hundred for collection. That, of course, is an inducement for Eastern banks to do all their business through San Francisco rather than through Los Angeles. We are of the opinion that it is better business for Los Angeles to get in close touch with Eastern banking institutions, from whom Los Angeles is obliged to draw its support in the way of securing money for the development of the country. The only way to do that is to get into business relations with these various institutions. The clearing house banks did not agree with us, so we withdrew from the clearing house agreement. At present we only go to this extent: We clear at par Los Angeles cash items for such Eastern banks as send them to us for credit. We want to get in position to take care of Arizona, New Mexico and the border of Mexico. The amount of money we may make on collection charges is small compared to the increased business and capital that will come into the city and to all the banks by assuming the new business policy. In other words, our desire is to make Los Angeles a financial center instead of an appendix to San Francisco." Mr. Elliott's initiative will be closely watched by local banking interests.

The Southern California Savings Bank is publishing the following statement: "After over twenty years the real estate account of the Southern California Savings Bank is only \$4089.00. The growth of the bank under conservative management is shown by the following:

STATEMENT OF OCTOBER 9, 1905. Resources.

Loans	\$5,346,097 18
U. S. Government and Other Bonds.....	1,070,702 41
Real Estate	4,089 02
Vaults and Safe Deposit Department.....	45,000 00

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A fresh statement will be
published shortly.*

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

Furniture and Fixtures.....	31,011 26
Cash on hand and in Banks.....	1,172,320 61
Total	\$7,669,220 48
Liabilities.	
Capital Paid up.....	\$ 100,000 00
Surplus	200,000 00
Undivided Profits	9,613 61
Interest Collected less Expenses.....	50,546 11
Deposits	7,309,060 76
Total	\$7,669,220 48
Increase during the past six months.....	\$1,016,000 00
Number of Accounts	28,496

The First National Bank of Redondo will erect a brick wall and vault to cost \$1800. E. W. West, architect, and Diebold Safe and Lock Company, contractors.

The American Bank & Trust Company of Pasadena will be open in the new bank building at the corner of Broadway and Colorado street about October 23. The new company has been licensed with capital of \$100,000 paid up. Isaac Springer is president and J. S. Grove, secretary.

Bonds

The Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County, will receive sealed proposals for the purchase of the sixty thousand dollars issue of school bonds of Santa Monica city school district, up to 2 o'clock, p. m., November 7, 1905. Interest is at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum payable semi-annually.

The Council of San Diego has sold the last issue of municipal bonds, amounting to \$129,000, to the Adams-Phillips Company of Los Angeles, which offered face value and accrued interest and a premium of \$7365.

Prescott, Ariz., has sold bonds to the amount of \$100,000 for the improvement of the water system.

The Board of Trade of San Bernardino reported that the proposed bond issue for bridges should not exceed \$40,000. Plans and specifications will be prepared by City Engineer Brown.

A resolution has been passed by the city officials of Tucson authorizing an election to vote on the \$175,000 bond issue for municipal improvements. \$150,000 thereof for the water system, and \$25,000 for the fire department.

The city hall and park bonds election at Monrovia carried, for \$26,000. A city hall building will be erected and a Carnegie library building.

A resolution declaring it the intention of the Board of Trustees of Santa Ana to call an election to vote on the question of issuing bonds for municipal gas and electric lighting and power plants has been referred to the city attorney of Santa Ana.

The Coronado board of trustees has passed an ordinance for another sea wall bond election. Cost \$130,000. Election will probably be held November 4, 1905.

The City Trustees of Ocean Park have instructed the city attorney to proceed with the arrangement of the preliminaries for a bond election. It is desired to vote about \$50,000 for the purpose of building a city hall, jail, fire alarm tower, and for sewers.

The City Trustees of Santa Monica have fixed the date of the bond election for Tuesday, October 31. The sum of the proposed issues is \$100,000, including \$27,000 for septic sewer tank, \$17,500 for a fire engine house, one on north and one on south side, \$35,000 for storm drains, sewer extensions and bridges, and \$10,000 for a garbage incinerator.

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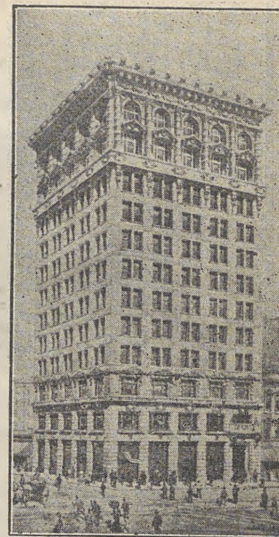
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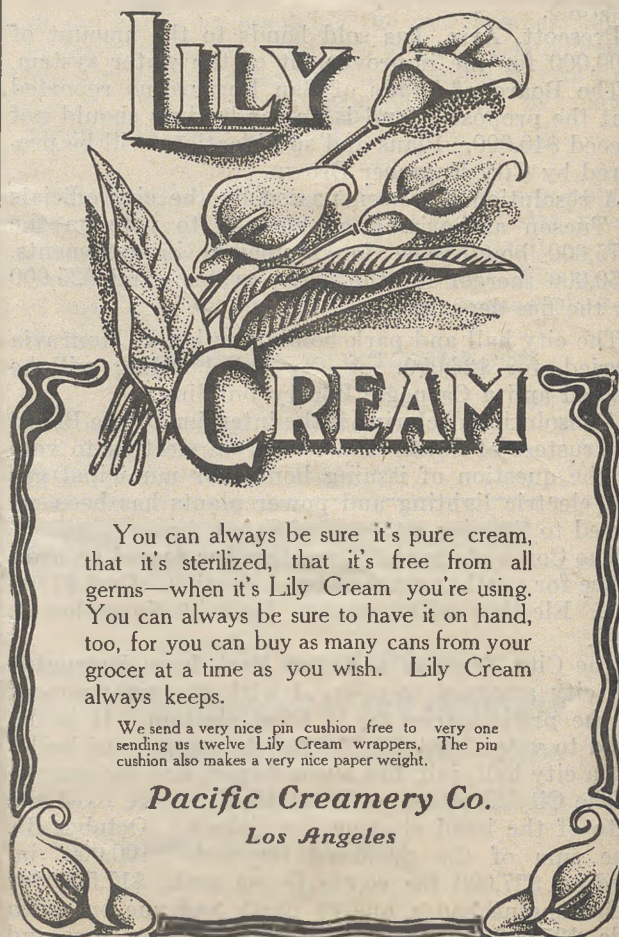


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